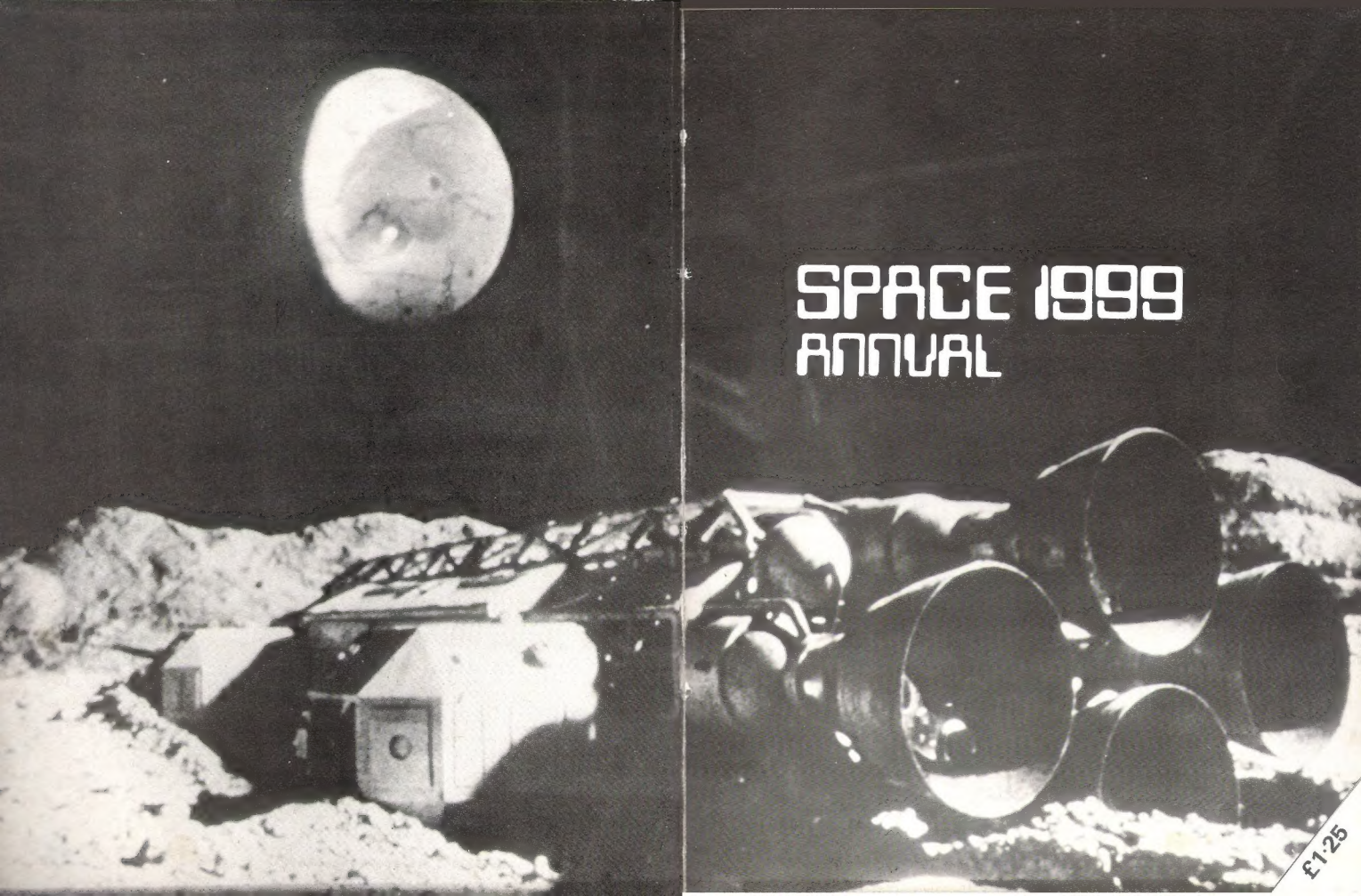
GERRY ANDERSON'S

SPACE 1999

ANNUAL

Authorised edition based on the popular Television Series


SPACE 1999
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The massive nuclear explosion that tore the Moon bodily from Earth's orbit. . .

SURVIVAL — EXODUS

The huge video-screen dominates the vast hall of Main Mission. There, bathed in the artificial light, sustained by the artificial atmosphere, living by the artificial seconds of an automatic clock, the chief officers and staff of Moonbase Alpha turn their white faces, their anxious eyes, towards the recorded image of a planet that can mean home. A *new* home. New and different for these survivors of the terrifying upheaval that wrenched our Moon from its orbit. That tore it bodily from the protection, the safety, the companionship of Earth.

It happened on September 9, 1999. The violent explosion of nuclear waste—an explosion perhaps caused by alien forces beyond human understanding—but an explosion that hurled the Moon, and those on it, on an odyssey into the void. An odyssey that took them—is *still* taking them—to the realm of the unknown. The mysterious areas of deep space, where time means nothing, where distances are beyond the measurement of human figures. Where the time-warp and the hyper-acceleration of matter are commonplace. Where even the calming, logical influence of a computer can sometimes fail to assess every problem.

"Activate long-range probe." Commander John Koenig's voice cuts through the tense silence of Main Mission. "Planet has atmosphere. Rate of rotation indicates gravity similar to Earth's."

Sandra Benes runs her fingers over the buttons of the control console in front of her, and invisible rays strike deep ahead of the Moon, assessing, penetrating, analysing. . . .

She turns. "Oxygen, Nitrogen, Carbon Dioxide. Ratios 80, 5, 5 per cent. Remaining 10 per cent Hydrogen and other gases, only in upper atmosphere."

Koenig smiles, and he's aware of the tension that's suddenly around him. His eyes catch the glint of Professor Bergman, his friend and close associate. He nods, faintly. Helena Russell, chief doctor of Moonbase Alpha. "John. . .?" He says, "Yes, Helena." Controller Paul Morrow already has his finger on the switch that will put the Commander in instant touch with *all* Moonbase personnel. Not just the technicians. Not just the scientists, doctors, researchers—but the ordinary people who live and work there. The gardeners, tailors, laundrymen, engineers, cleaners and security men. Wives and children. Printers and writers and artists who group together to make life on the lost Moon as bearable as possible, and as like life on an ordinary earthbound town as can be.

"Tell them, Paul. Prepare for Operation Exodus!"

There is no panic. These people of Moonbase have become used to their life. As castaways in space. They know that their base can keep them going—maybe for generations. Food supply has been worked out and regulated. The computer has evolved the means of keeping them from that terrible killer, boredom. But they *want* a new world. Somewhere they can settle, and live as normal human beings. Building the human race anew as (and they believe it) God intended. So they all do what they have to, under the terms of the command 'Operation Exodus', while Commander Koenig and his staff make plans to investigate this planet that has loomed up on their horizon.

Talma Manisch—we'd call her a housewife—pulls in washing from a line in the Main–Beta drying room. Her son Joam's basketball gear. Nappies that her *latest-born, Melka, uses up at distressing speed.* "We pack—again, we pack!" She shakes her head at her neighbour in Block 6, Tania Feld, wife of one of the Main Mission Computer assistants. "This time, do you think we'll go?"

Tania grins. "Who knows? If I were you, I'd trust *our commander. He's the boss. Who are we to worry* about details?"

"Details! It's our lives! My dear, *I* remember *running around in grass meadows, playing ball. I went* fishing, maybe! Life was good! Our kids—okay, they live, and they grow up with good educations here, but what of it, if they're always to be stuck in a kind of prison!"

"Relax, Talma. Maybe now, Koenig has the answer! Does he *often* put us on such a red alert?"

In the depths of the lower area, where constantly re-cycled nuclear material fuels the base's internal heating, Talma Manisch's husband Jeff cuts in the automatic circuits that will keep the temperatures right for a period of twenty four earth hours. His assistant, Keith Gadd, is already packing the maintenance tools into a cushioned bag for transportation aboard an Eagle's store-hold.

"You're a carpenter, Keith," says Jeff. "I've seen you work with wood. Maybe on this new planet there'll be trees. You can cut planks, yes? Make homes for us. Hah! It'll be like pioneers in the old West of America!"

"Yeah—and without the Indians, I hope!" Gadd grimaces. "Listen, do we know what's down there? Even if the atmosphere and gravity suit *us*, it may be there's a civilisation of people already in possession—and they may not *want* us!"

"Like before? Sure. It's happened. But somewhere in space, there has to be our Garden of Eden! What's with you? You ain't got no *faith*?"

Meanwhile, from Main Mission, the word has gone out. To the all-important Launch Areas, where technicians push the buttons to fuel up Eagles and get *them on the pads for blast-off. Chief pilot Alan Carter* takes his own Eagle, backed up by Dave Johnson, Tabby Gertler, Yano Kinoshaki (everyone calls him 'Bill'). And together, the three exploratory craft make lift-off from the flat-tops of their home.

"Carter to Main Mission. We're going in!" The lead ship sets its nose for the far-off planet and heads down

All eyes are on Koenig as news of a planet—a possible home for the space castaways—comes through!

towards the covering veils of atmosphere—drifting so peacefully above the faraway globe. . . .

"This is Koenig." In Main Mission, the Commander thumbs the comlock button that puts him in immediate touch, personally, with every room, workshop and area on Moonbase.

"Personnel will make ready to board exodus vehicles as laid down on standing orders, book one. Biological staff will make sure that all specimens of plant seed and fertilizer are to hand. Historical section will take all microfilm of data. Analysts will pack all chemical samples. . . ." The voice goes on. The instructions repeat. There must be nothing left on the Moon that can be of any use. Everything must go down with the new colonists of the planet—provided that the planet *is* inhabitable. . . .

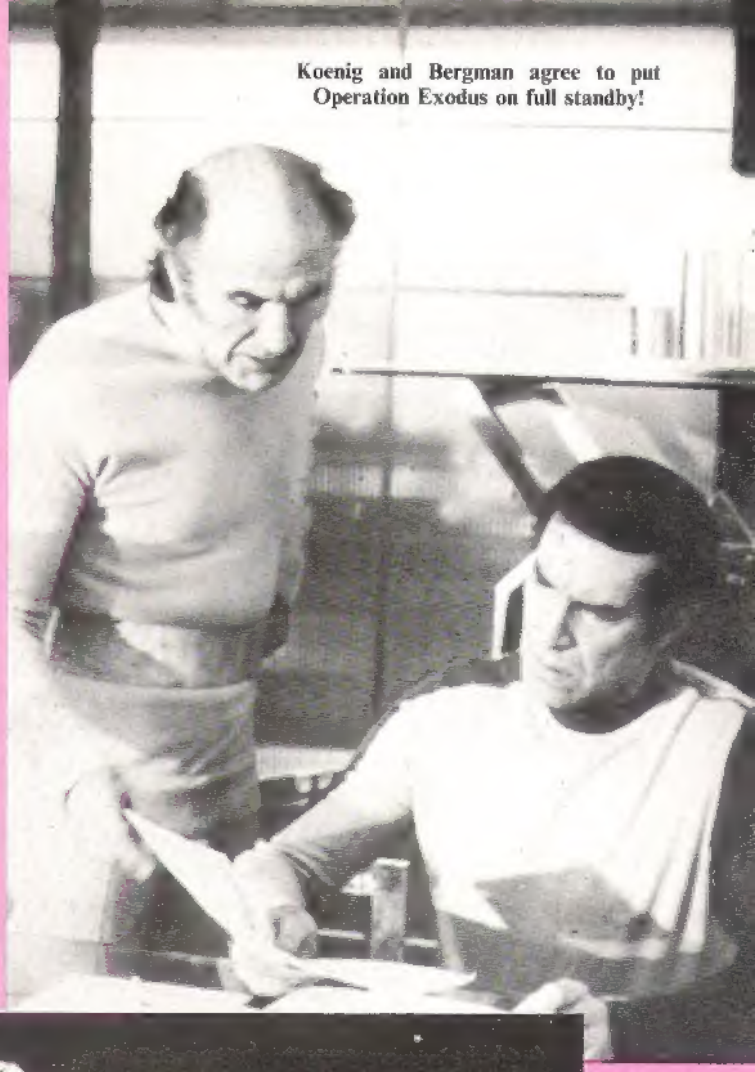
And then it comes. The news from Alan Carter's Eagle, first down through the clouds of atmosphere that shroud the place.

"Commander. I guess I know why we didn't get any response to the audio signals we sent down!"

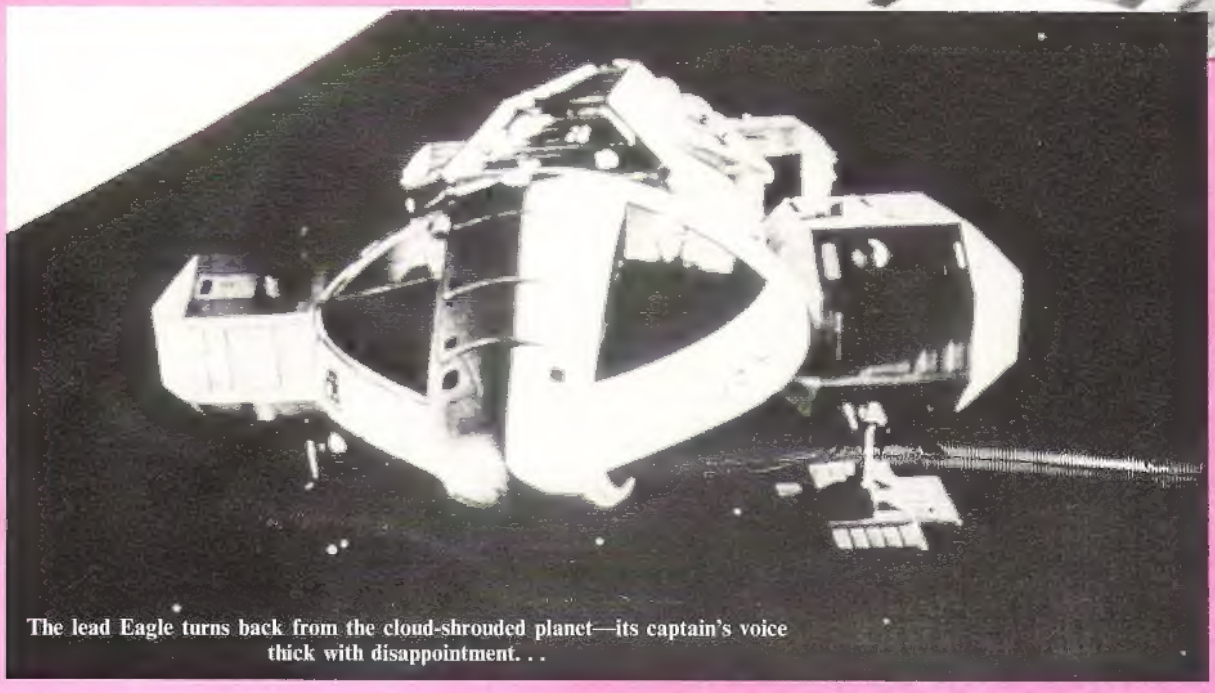
"Tell me, Alan!" Commander Koenig is up close to the big video screen that puts him in touch with his chief pilot.

"It's *water*, sir! The whole surface of the planet is *water*!"

Koenig shrugs. He feels like a kid who's been offered a sweet, only to find that it's made of glass. "Water. Fine. We have a perfect atmosphere, a gravity just like Earth's—and a planet that's made of liquid. You'd better return to base, Alan. We just *aren't* fish!"



Koenig and Bergman agree to put Operation Exodus on full standby!



The lead Eagle turns back from the cloud-shrouded planet—its captain's voice thick with disappointment. . .

"I knew there'd be *something*!" Mrs. Talma Manisch starts pegging up her washing on the line again. "Didn't I *tell* you, Tania?"

"You said there might be hostiles down there," says Tania. "And you were wrong. Listen—we might beat hostiles, but we can't beat a bad environment!"

She smiles. But there is real disappointment in her eyes. Operation Exodus stands down—and Moonbase Alpha, welded to its runaway chunk of space matter, whirls on—into the unknown. . . .

COMMANDER John Koenig

Actor Martin Landau, who plays the part of Commander John Koenig, is no stranger to the more fantastic side of television fiction. He made his name, so to speak, in the long-running and highly successful series 'Mission—Impossible', where he played Rollin Hand, a master of disguise employed on the team dedicated to the performance of undercover operations so tricky that they'd been officially classed as unworkable.

As it happens, Martin Landau worked in that series alongside Barbara Bain—his wife—who co-stars with him in this 'Space 1999' series.

But this versatile actor—a New Yorker born in Brooklyn—started out in life with a very different career in mind. He trained as an artist, eventually landing a job as cartoonist/illustrator on the New York Daily News. He still sketches, especially in the long periods of waiting between 'takes'—those patches of boredom familiar to any actor, when scenes are being arranged, and direction is being worked out.

Martin took to acting because of the dull routine of a staff artist's life. "I could see myself at the same drawing-board, turning out the same stuff year after year after year. I made the clean break and took to the stage—not an easy decision, but one that I felt was necessary."

Professional training brought out the undoubted talent that he possessed, and he worked in the gruelling 'nurseries' of 'little theatre' productions and off-Broadway shows. He joined Lee Strasberg's world-famous Actors' Studio, and landed small parts in various TV shows. But it was a Broadway show that went on tour that gave him his first big break in films. The tour ended in Los Angeles, and he got a part in Alfred Hitchcock's movie, 'North by North-West'. After that, one film followed another—'Pork Chop Hill', 'The Gazebo', 'Cleopatra' . . .

Then, after a further series of TV parts, came the 'Mission—Impossible' series. And the rest is history. The Moon, together with Commander John Koenig, may have vanished from sight of our Earth. Martin Landau remains, right there in the public eye!

```
American astrophysicist. Ex pilot.
Ex astronaut. Born 1959. As school-
boy, fascinated by man's first
approaches to Moon. Showed early
interest in science (See educational
record, E50/K/3C) and became
involved in US space program age 21.
Was responsible for planning and
control of many outstanding space
missions (Records file G16/K/30).
Asked to help on original design for
Moonbase Alpha, involved himself
deeper and deeper in project and
finally persuaded to become
Commander. Almost immediately after
take-over, Breakaway took Moon out
of Earth's orbit, leaving Koenig in
supreme control.
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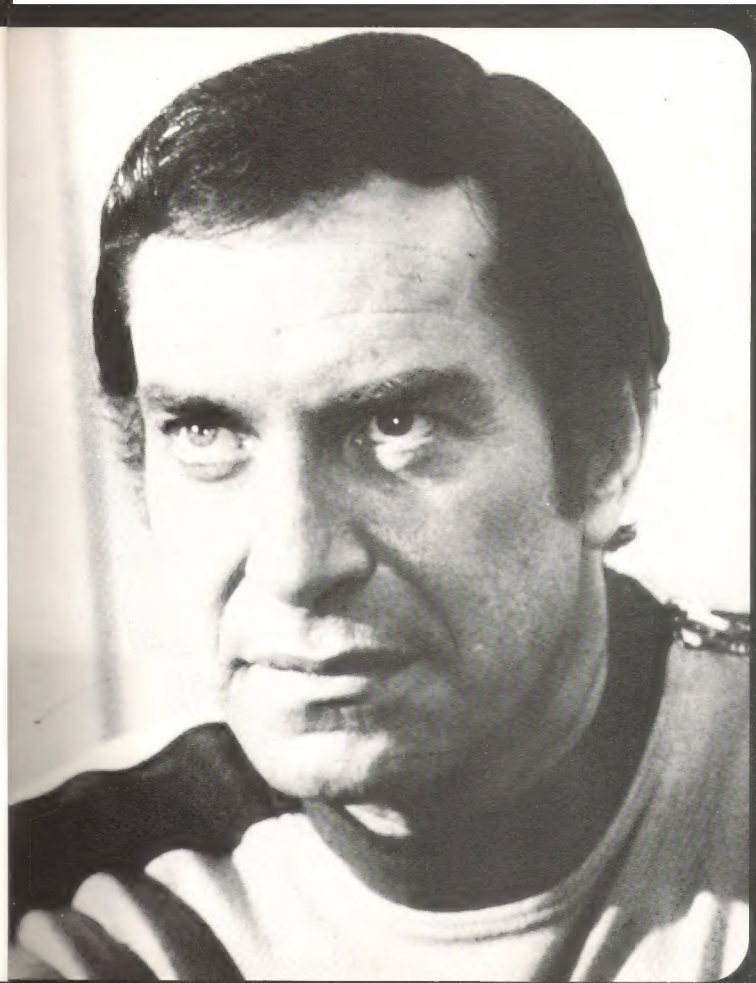
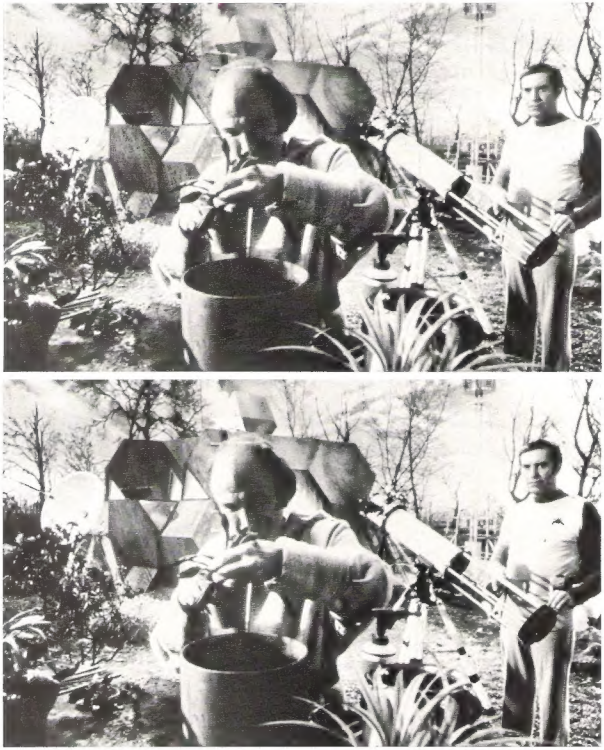


Spot the Difference

The pictures below are identical . . . or are they? Our artist has made six small changes in the lower shot. Can you spot what they are?

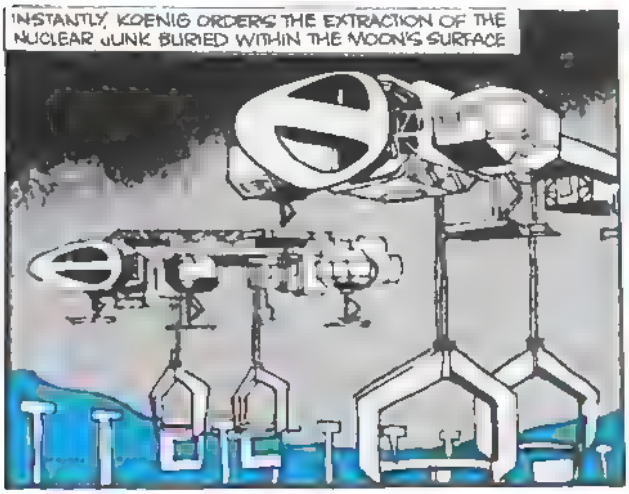


Answers on page 77

Another Chance
THE RUNAWAY MOON... THE CASTAWAYS OF MOONBASE ALPHA... HURTLING ACROSS SPACE, BLASTED FROM EARTH'S ORBIT BY NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS! FAR, FAR BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM, NONE CAN TELL WHAT PERILS LIE IN STORE!
THE - THE VIBRATION! CAN'T STAND IT!
WE'VE HIT SOME KIND OF VIOLENT MAGNETIC FIELD! ALL SENSOR SYSTEMS ARE DEAD!
C-COMPUTER REGISTERS COMPLETE ZERO! COMMANDER - IT'S LIKE WE'VE REACHED THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE!
IM - IM - IMPOSSIBLE, KANO! GOT TO FIGHT THIS!
THEN, SUDDENLY, SILENCE. SILENCE AND UTTER STILLNESS! THAT - AND OBLIVION!
A BUNCH OF PAPERS, FALLING FROM A DESK, REMAIN SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR. TIME ITSELF HAS STOPPED!
SLOWLY, LIFE FLOODS BACK TO COMMANDER JOHN KOENIG. HIS EYES BLINK OPEN... PROTESTING AGAINST THE SUNLIGHT THAT FLOODS THE ROOM...
NNUHHH? WHAT HAPPENED...? WHERE AM I...?
MY - MY ROOM IN SPACE RESEARCH HQ, FLORIDA...? BUT - BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBE!

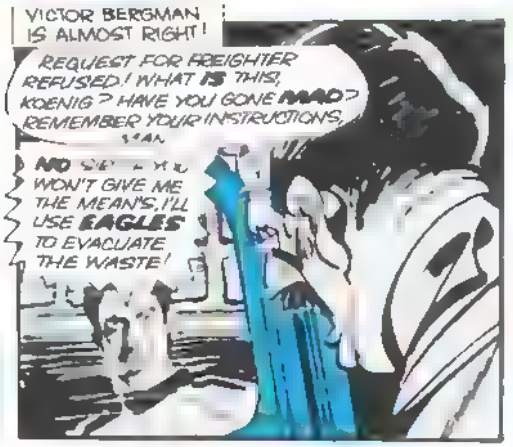
THE DOOR BEHIND HIM OPENS...
REALLY! NOT UP YET? WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO MEET, COMMANDER!
ROCKETS STANDING BY TO TAKE US UP TO THE MOON, JOHN. CAN'T KEEP 'EM WAITING, YOU KNOW...
VICTOR! HELENA! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO US! THE MOON'S BEEN BLASTED OUT OF ORBIT! I WANT ARE WE DOING BACK HERE...?
OUT OF ORBIT...?
STEADY, JOHN! YOU'VE BEEN HAVING NIGHTMARES!
COME ON, NICK, GET DRESSED! WE MUSTN'T BE LATE!
BUT - BUT...
MOON. ENTERED SOME KIND OF SPACE - VOID. WHAT DID KANO SAY...? CENTRE OF UNIVERSE! SOME KIND OF TIME - WARP! I'VE COME BACK... BUT THE OTHERS HAVEN'T!
KOENIG DRESSES, HIS MIND IN A WHIRL...
EVERYTHING'S REAL... BUT THE CLOCK'S TURNED BACK! SOMEHOW, I'VE BEEN GIVEN THE CHANCE TO RE-ALIGN THE WORLD'S FATE!
A ROCKET TAKES KOENIG AND HIS TEAM UP TO MOONBASE ALPHA, WHERE HE ASSUMES TOTAL COMMAND...
THIS IS KOENIG! I WANT ALL MAINTENANCE CHIEFS IN ASSEMBLY AREA AT ONCE! REPEAT, ALL MAINTENANCE CHIEFS!

WHY THE MAINTENANCE [illegible], JOHN? EVERYTHING'S SMOOTH UP HERE.
YOU THINK SO, VICTOR I HAVE - OTHER KNOWLEDGE!
SEPTEMBER 19 (99) RADIOACTIVE WASTE ENCAPSULED BLEW UP THREW THE AREA INTO SPACE BUT THIS IS SEPTEMBER!


INSTANTLY, KOENIG ORDERS THE EXTRACTION OF THE NUCLEAR JUNK BURIED WITHIN THE MOON'S SURFACE

REQUEST ROBOT FREIGHTER TO TAKE ON BOARD WASTE MATTER AND TRANSFER TO SAFE AREA IN SPACE
JOHN! THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! PART OF OUR FUNCTION ON MOONBASE IS TO

VICTOR - I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, BUT I KNOW THAT STUFF IS DANGEROUS TO US! JUST BELIEVE ME!
THEY WON'T LIKE IT, BACK AT BASE! THEY'LL RELIEVE YOU OF COMMAND!


VICTOR BERGMAN IS ALMOST RIGHT!
REQUEST FOR FREIGHTER REFUSED! WHAT IS THIS, KOENIG? HAVE YOU GONE MAD? REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, MAN.
NO [illegible] WON'T GIVE ME THE MEANS, I'LL USE EAGLES TO EVACUATE THE WASTE!

AND AS EAGLES ARE ADAPTED FOR REMOTE LIFT-OFF.
LOAD ALL MATERIAL IN THREE, FOUR AND FIVE! CLEARANCE MUST BE FIVE HUNDRED, PLUS- FOR MAXIMUM SAFETY!
SIR! EXCUSE ME, SIR! THE PLANET META
NOT NOW, SANDRA! THIS IS OF TOP IMPORTANCE!
HE WAS POSTED UP HERE TO DEAL WITH THIS NEW PLANET THAT'S BROKEN INTO THE SOLAR SYSTEM, BUT HE'S IGNORING IT!
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER, SANDRA. ITS SIGNALS ARE GETTING CLEARER AND CLEARER!
PAUL MORROW, MAIN MISSION CONTROLLER
ANY TRANSLATION FROM COMPUTER, KANG?
NOTHING! BUT I GET THE FEELING IT'S HOSTILE!
MEANWHILE, THREE EAGLES BLAST OFF. THEIR CENTRAL PODS LOADED WITH NUCLEAR WASTE!
AND CURVING FAR OUT BEYOND THE DANGER ZONE, THEY SELF DESTRUCT!

DONE! THE DANGER LIFTED! THE MOON SURVIVES AND LIFE GOES ON.
BUT
COMMANDER! META HAS LAUNCHED MISSILES AGAINST EARTH!
WHAT HAVE I DONE! I FORGOT META! THE WORLD'S EXPLODED!

MILLIONS OF TONS OF ROCK, HURLED INTO SPACE IN ALL DIRECTIONS! FRAGMENTS OF A PLANET THAT SMASH INTO THE TINY MOON
ALL- GONE! EARTH MOON ALL GONE!
ALL GONE HUMANITY – DESTROYED!
JOHN! WAKE UP, JOHN! IT'S ALL RIGHT!
HELENA! IT IT WAS A DREAM?
WE WENT THROUGH SOME KIND OF FAULT IN SPACE, JOHN. YOU DREAMED? SO DID I SO DID VICTOR THAT WE WERE BACK ON EARTH
I KNEW WHAT'D HAPPEN TO THE MOON. TRIED TO STOP IT. NO GOOD – THE EARTH WAS DESTROYED!
SAME WITH ME! CRAZY ISN'T IT?
WE'RE ON OUR WAY AGAIN, JOHN. THROUGH SPACE AS BEFORE WHAT WAS YOUR DREAM..?
I DON'T KNOW, VICTOR. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VISION OF REALITY WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF I'D MADE A DIFFERENT DECISION

"Still no response from them, Commander!" Sandra Benes turned worriedly to the grim-faced leader of Moonbase Alpha. It had taken her a conscious effort to drag her eyes from the big video screen, upon which, for the past hour, two distantly sighted blips had gradually grown until they had come into full focus. A pair of alien spaceships. Immobile. Silent. Looming closer and closer as the Moon inexorably drove towards them on its unalterable, runaway course!

"Koenig to Defensive Area Four!" The Commander snapped on the comlock device that could put him instantly in touch with any department of the Moonbase complex. "Activate full magnetic opposition. We don't want those ships piling up on our surface. Heaven only knows what damage they might do if they're fully fuelled."

come into my parlour...

Chief pilot Alan Carter touched Koenig's arm. "You want an Eagle to go out and take a closer look, sir?" Koenig nodded. "I'd like you to do it, Alan. Take a full armaments pod, and be careful!

Moments later, encased in his bright red survival suit, Alan Carter sat alone in his personal Command Eagle. Hydraulic lifts had taken his craft up to one of the Alpha launch-pads, and now he checked over his instruments before reporting to Main Mission. "Ready for lift-off Commander!"

Alan Carter frowned. "There's a light blinking on the alien ship, Commander!"

The blast of vertical take-off jets rammed the Eagle upwards, and then the high-pitched whine of the tail motors thrust it out towards the aliens. Deftly, Carter locked in the anti-magnetic field that would carry him safely through Alpha's own protective shield – the shield that invisibly held the newcomers safely away from the Moon's surface. The pilot kept his communications link continuously open, and the cluster of people in Main Mission were silent and wary as his voice came through.

"I'm circling the nearer vessel. Absolutely no sign of life at all. No apparent damage. I'm moving on to the other one." There was a long pause, and the watchers could see the Eagle as it passed between the alien craft, to slip abruptly out of view behind the larger vessel. Koenig was conscious of pain in his hands, and looked down to see them clenched with worry. He forced himself to relax. Then, reassuringly, Carter's voice came through again, loud, clear – and excited!

"I see a light, Commander! Intermittent blinking from behind one of the clear outlook screens on the superstructure! It could be some kind of code – some alien equivalent of Morse!"

"Get it on direct teleview, Alan!" The Commander spun round. "Kano, Stand by to feed info into the computer. Decode procedure!"

Within seconds, the Moonbase Alpha computer came up with the result. All logic pointed to the fact that the flashing was a distress signal! Koenig gave a terse nod and turned to Professor Victor Bergman. "Time you and I did something to earn our keep. Suit up, Victor, and have a connecting tube lifted to pad six. As for you, Alan—" The Commander spoke down into his comlock again "... take up a covering position abeam of the vessel."

Another Eagle, with Koenig at the controls and Bergman beside him, lifted away from Alpha and made straight for the larger of the two alien ships. Gently, Koenig inched up towards the obvious entry port of the alien and triggered the buttons that allowed a flexible connecting tunnel to reach out and close over the outer surface. Bergman nodded, his eyes on the instruments before him. "Seal active, John. I wonder what we're going to find inside that thing..."

Commander Koenig fingered the laser pistol strapped to his waist. "Could be *anything* in there, Victor. But we aren't going to learn any answers by sitting here!" The two men stood up and began the walk, through their own air-lock, towards the corresponding lock on the mystery vessel. Towards the unknown!

No figures stepped to greet them as Koenig's comlock found the impulse that took them inside. The interior was still, cold and heavy with silence. Bergman found himself speaking in a whisper, and checked himself with a rather forced laugh. "It's – er, reassuring, John. Generally speaking. Look at the equipment here. Recognisable stuff. Might almost have come from Earth."

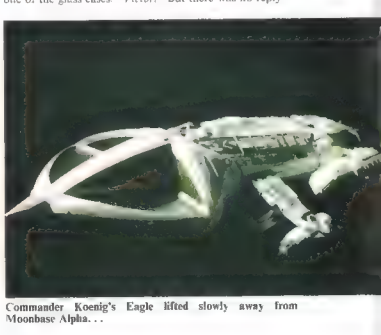
Koenig grunted agreement. "Yes. Except for the colours. The lighting's strange." Warily, they moved on, deeper into the ship's interior. As though from very far away, Alan Carter's voice came in over Koenig's comlock. "Distress signal has stopped, sir! Are you okay?"

"We're fine, Alan. It seems to be deserted."

At that moment, there came the sudden noise of movement, and Koenig swung quickly away from Bergman to stride into a room filled with curious glass cases – cases that reflected purples and blues and greens. Cases that contained strange collections of coloured spheres. The Commander's laser-pistol flashed from its holster as he caught the image of a crouching figure ahead of him. "What's that? *You...*" The figure didn't move, and Koenig approached cautiously. Still the figure remained motionless, and Koenig could see that it was tall, humanoid. It had its back towards him. Gently, he probed its shoulder. "You! You're breathing! Why don't you *respond*..."

In that instant, it happened! A flash of brilliant light – dazzling and blinding! An impression of disintegration! And the figure was gone! Totally vanished, as though it had never been!

"Victor! In here – quickly!" Koenig had backed up against one of the glass cases. "*Victor!*" But there was no reply!



Commander Koenig's Eagle lifted slowly away from Moonbase Alpha...

Between the glass cases, Koenig could see a crouching figure!

The Commander raced out into the main entranceway. It yawned emptily. He thumbed the comlock, yelling into it. "Victor! Where in the name of creation *are* you?"

Now a cold sweat broke out on Koenig's face. His mind seethed. The silence of the alien ship seemed to mock him. Feverishly, his eyes searched every corner of that strangely-lit area. And then the high voice of Sandra Benes, lashing at him from Main Mission. "Commander! They're here! Two aliens! They've materialised right here on Moonbase!"

It was as though some force was driving Koenig, against his will. Slowly he backed through the air locks. Step by step he returned to his Eagle. He was fully aware that he was deserting Bergman, but some sixth sense told him that it was useless for him to search the alien vessel. Almost automatically, he withdrew the flexible link, and turned his Eagle back towards Alpha. "Follow me back to base, Alan!" He was aware that his own voice sounded thick and unnatural.

The two Eagles landed together, and both Koenig and Carter reached Main Mission together. There, standing impassively watching the white-faced members of control were the two aliens. One of them was the crouching figure Koenig had already seen. Had already witnessed disappearing in front of his own eyes. And the other was a girl. "Look." Koenig spoke grimly, forcing himself to ignore a chill that ran through him – a chill that could not possibly have been attributed to the fact that he'd shed the warmth of his survival suit back in the launch area. "Look – who *are* you? Why did you lure us aboard? *What have you done with Professor Bergman?*"

The alien man spoke, his voice a thin, metallic sound. "Bergman is a friend of yours, Commander. A *good* friend."

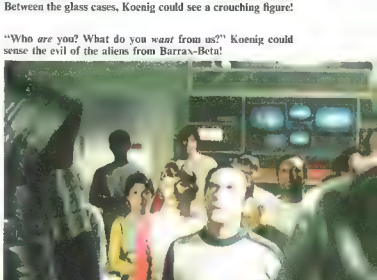
Koenig didn't reply.

"You would do anything to have him restored to you. I am correct?" The alien smiled – but entirely without humour. There was no pleasantry in those deep set, black eyes, the pupils like living coals.

"Make your point!" It was Paul Morrow, the head-strong Controller of Main Mission, who spoke. "You're holding Bergman as hostage, is that it? What do you expect us to do for his safe return?"

The alien girl laughed harshly. "It seems these people are reasonably intelligent, Danrak!" She turned her head to look at her companion. "Tell them."

"Who *are* you? What do you *want* from us?" Koenig could sense the evil of the aliens from Barrax-Beta!



The alien Danrak shrugged. "Yes, we lured you aboard, Commander. And we, or rather I, diverted your attention so that your comrade could be seized. We would have seized *you*, except that we know that you are the one who must make decisions here. The two ships you see out there. . ." he gestured towards the video screen. ". . .are not, as you might think, from the same planet. *My* ship is from Barrax-Beta, a system at war with Trimon. The other vessel is one of their puny attack-ships. We met and fought. And although we destroyed the whole crew of the Trimon craft,

Koenig aimed his laser-pistol at the false panels! Somewhere behind them lay Victor Bergman!

we ourselves were mortally hit. Our engines were snuffed, so to speak."

"Go on," Koenig's voice was deceptively calm now, and his colleagues in Main Mission knew it.

"We have known of your approach for some time, Commander," said Danrak. "And we know that you survive here by virtue of nuclear power. Briefly, we need fuel and parts from your reactors to repair our engines."

Koenig looked angry. "If you know so much about us, surely you know we are peaceful. That we drift across the universe in the hope of finding a new home. In the hope of establishing friendship with another race—even yours! We would have helped you, without the need for all this dramatic rigmarole!"

Danrak laughed thinly. "You do not seem to understand, Commander. We do not want your friendship. We of Barrax-Beta do not favour outsiders. You saw, in my ship, cases containing spheres? Those are people. Or, I should say, were people. They are the intelligences of races we have subjected to our will. Intelligences that we use as slaves to man our ships. By all means join us—if you wish to be eternally transmuted to globes of mind-matter. Globes that can only obey our every command!"

The girl spoke again. "Clearly, they find all this confusing," she said. Her eyes swept the stunned faces of the Main Mission personnel. Paul Morrow had sat down heavily, his hands clenched. Sandra Benes hoked her lips, her eyes wide with horror.

"Come," Danrak sounded impatient. "We do not wish to destroy you. Soon you will pass through our sector of space. You will journey far beyond us. Give us what we need, and your Professor Bergman will be returned to you, unharmed."

"Don't do it, Commander!" Paul Morrow leaped to his feet and gripped Koenig's arm. "Don't you see? They'll take our nuclear fuel! They'll strip us of the equipment we need to survive! They'll leave us to journey on, sure enough—but to journey on to a slow and lingering death as light, heat and support systems gradually run down and fade!"

Koenig ground his teeth. "But Paul . . . they've got Victor!"

It was then, as abruptly as they had materialised, that the aliens from Barrax-Beta vanished. As completely as though they'd never been present. There was just the lingering echo of the last words of Danrak, hanging in the air—jarring and metallic. "Come to your decision—but come to it *quickly*! You *cannot* match our powers!"

Now there was silence in Main Mission. A silence as deep as that which Koenig had found on the alien ship. But it was Alan Carter who broke it. "I've got an idea, Commander. It's a longshot, but it might work!"

"Go ahead, Alan."

"We know Victor's being held somewhere on their ship. We can pinpoint the exact spot by bouncing signals from his comlock. Even if he's unable to reply—he may be unconscious or something—we can plot him." Carter paused, running a hand across his brow as if to clear his mind. "Now *You* take an Eagle and go alone to the ship. To give your decision to Danrak. When you're in there, you mount a one-man rescue op."

Sandra Benes snorted. "They'd be onto him right away, Alan! What a ridiculous suggestion!"

Carter scowled. "Let me finish! In the meantime, I go round the blind side to the *other* vessel, and go aboard. Remember, they said they'd wiped out the whole crew. Well, once there, I can drop a transmitting device that'll make Danrak think the ship's still operational. I can fool him into believing that *someone* there has survived, and is about to attack!"

Koenig stiffened. "I think I see what you're getting at, Alan. You mean that Danrak will instantly turn his attention to the other craft, and in the panic, I'll get Victor clear!"

"Exactly, Commander! And meantime, I pull away in my Eagle, and the moment I see you get clear, I open up with everything I've got!"

Kano stood ready, eyebrows raised, but Koenig waved him down. "Don't feed it to the computer for approval, David. It's such a longshot it'd make the computer burst out laughing. But under the circumstances, it's our only chance . . ."

To the mute astonishment of the Main Mission staff, Koenig grabbed Alan's arm, and together they strode out of the room towards the travel tubes that would take them to their launch pads.

For the second time, John Koenig stepped through the flexible tube connecting his Eagle with Danrak's ship. This time, as he stepped through, he was met by the alien himself. "I will meet your terms," said Koenig, shortly. "Our survival will be in our own hands, and it will be up to us to ensure it."

"I hope you can, Commander," smirked Danrak, sceptically.

Koenig followed the alien into the ship, and as they drew close to the room in which he now knew Victor to be held, Koenig surreptitiously thumbed the button of his comlock and coughed. A pre-arranged signal to Alan Carter. If only he *was* in position aboard the other alien ship!

Koenig needn't have worried! Over some kind of speaker-system came the voice of the Barrax-Beta woman, taut with urgency! "Danrak! The Trinion ship is still active! They're signalling attack!"

Danrak spun away from Koenig, his fists clenching. "It's—it's *impossible*! Activate all defensive systems! Align killerbeams! I'm coming to the command centre!" Then he remembered Koenig, and half turned. It was too late! Koenig's fist caught the alien on the nape of the neck and

Alan's last shot exploded on the alien's attack turret! Now would come the violent destruction of a massive chain-reaction!

smashed him sideways into one of the glass cases! It shattered, and Koenig followed up with a massive kick that sent the alien with stunning force into a metal upright connecting floor with ceiling! Then Koenig sprinted sideways, unshipping the laser-pistol he'd concealed in his suit, aiming it at the false bank of electronic equipment that he knew to conceal Victor's prison!

THRAMMMM! The perspex and metal shattered as the laser bit home, and now Koenig dashed in to haul up the prone and drugged body of his friend from the couch upon which it was thrown

"Breathing! Alive! *Thank the stars!*" His feet clattering on the metal beneath him, Koenig stumbled back to the air-lock, raced into the Eagle and threw Victor down in the co pilot's seat Then he retracted the link and shot the Eagle away from the alien vessel at maximum speed, vaguely conscious that beyond, through his sight-screens, he could see the other craft, looming in the background with the thin streak of Alan Carter's combat Eagle dropping swiftly beneath it!

There came a lancing ray of light from the Barrax-Beta giant . . . a destructive ray that tore the other ship asunder from stem to stern, scattering its debris into the space above the moon But then came the *other* ray . . . the streak of laser power from Carter's machine that burst the upper works of Danrak's spaceship to fragments! Buffeted by the blast, Koenig put his nose down and raced for Moonbase. Behind him, Alan Carter made a spiral turn and gave the stricken alien another shot that wrecked its out-flung combat turret Somewhere in there, the enslaved intelligences of Danrak's infamous planet were being destroyed wholesale . . . but for them it was probably a happy release! Even as the two Eagles touched down together and slid below the surface of their pads, the whole of the Barrax-Beta ship shuddered to the chain-reaction of violent explosions and disintegrated into a million pieces Into a mere drift of space-dust that spread over the umbrella of Alpha's magnetic defences

John Koenig and Victor Bergman sat together in the debriefing lounge alongside Launch Pad Six. They were in no hurry to get back to Main Mission There was too much to be said Too much to be understood between them Bergman

"We wouldn't have deserted you, Victor. . ."

reached out and clasped his friend by the shoulder. "I knew you wouldn't leave me, John No matter *what* the danger to Moonbase

"We'll drink to that, Victor," smiled the Commander "It's a long time since that Frenchman what was his name? Alexandre Dumas? Well, it's a long time since he wrote in that 'Three Musketeers' epic—'one for all, and all for one' But the idea persists, even up here on a castaway moon We need each other All of us. Just to survive The moment we stop caring for our colleagues, whether they be close to us or not, we're done for!"

"I'll drink to that!" Professor Bergman raised his glass

DOCTOR Helena Russell

Born of all times—on a Friday 13th, Barbara Bain, who plays Doctor Helena Russell, is anything but unlucky. By her own admission, she's been pretty fortunate all her life. She made it as a high fashion model very early in her career. She met Martin Landau shortly after she'd switched to drama study. She's had a wonderfully happy marriage with him (they wed on February 10, 1957) and she has two daughters, Susan Meredith and Juliet Rose.

And in acting? She won fans all over the world with her portrayal of Cinnamon Carter in the 'Mission Impossible' series, which ran for eighty episodes. "And now," she says, "I'm lucky again! Playing alongside Martin in 'Space 1999'."

American. In her early thirties. Born when the first explorations of the Moon were taking place. Daughter of a West Coast physician, she has followed in her father's footsteps, entering a medical career after leaving High School. Gradually expanded into the challenge of Space Medicine, rising in her profession to become Moonbase Alpha's Chief of Medical Section. Married - presumed widowed. Her husband, whom she met at medical school, disappeared while on a space mission. Emotionally rugged as a result, she nevertheless is very feminine, and has a strong attachment to Commander Koenig.

A green-eyed blonde, Barbara enjoys the role of Helena Russell. For she's a pretty intelligent girl herself. At school, she gained her B.S. degree in Sociology.

Barbara originally wanted to become a dancer, and went to New York from her home town of Chicago to learn the profession. But you can't just *study* in the big city—you have to eat and live as well, and at the suggestion of friends, she got into part-time modelling. Though in demand, she didn't like it much, and soon turned to acting, enrolling in the Curt Conway Acting School, where she met Conway's assistant Martin Landau. "We didn't take to each other at all at first," she remembers. "But there was a party—when we got together *socially*. Suddenly we reversed our opinions of each other and pow!" They married, and with Martin just off on tour with the play 'Middle of the Night', Barbara managed to get a job understudying the lead and a small part in the same show. The tour was their honeymoon!

The tour ended in California, and hitting Hollywood, Barbara and her new husband went their separate professional ways. He combined films and TV, and Barbara concentrated on the latter. She played guest spots in shows like 'Get Smart', 'Bonanza', 'Dick Van Dyke Show', 'Studio One' and did some work with local theatre groups.

Then came 'Mission Impossible'. She won the Television Academy 'Emmy' Award as best actress in a dramatic series three years in succession—an all-time record!

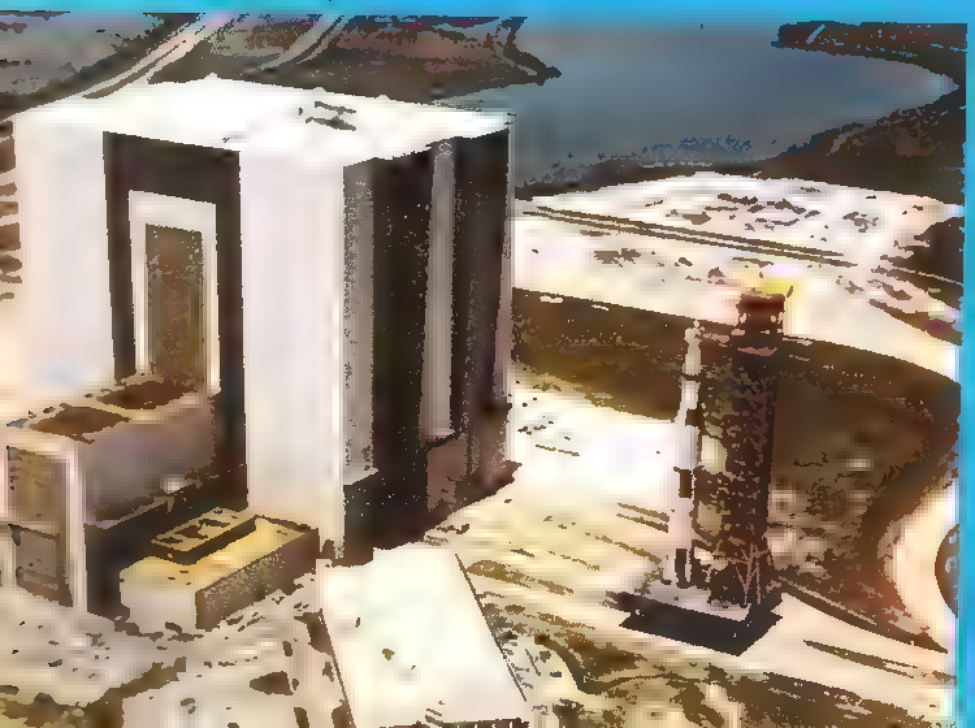
After 'Mission—Impossible', Barbara took time out to devote her attention to her daughters, accompanying Martin on location trips, and restricting herself to one-shot productions. Until 'Space 1999' came along

For her, the series has been a family affair, for not only is she alongside her husband, but the children were over in England for the shooting, too. Like Helena Russell, Barbara clearly has that strong feminine streak underneath the acting professionalism!

THE GIANT STEP!

No matter that the Moon has left Earth's orbit for ever. No matter that Moonbase Alpha, with all its personnel, is now far, far beyond our reach. Nothing can alter the historical fact that, at 0256 hours GMT, on July 21, 1969, man took the giant step that placed a human, for the first time since the dawn of creation, upon that mysterious satellite 233,813 miles away across space. This is the breakdown of that incredible mission by the astronauts of Apollo 11—the mission that ended with man's first call upon his nearest neighbour in the vast Solar System. . .

The giant Saturn rocket carrying Apollo 11 begins its slow ride to the launch pad



Cape Kennedy. July 16. 9.32 a.m.

On schedule to within less than a second, Apollo 11 blasts off from launch-pad 39A Watching –the world Standing three and a half miles away on the sandflats or seated in grandstands, half the members of the United States Congress and more than 3,000 newsmen from 56 countries

And strapped to their couches in the Command Module atop the 363-foot, 7.6 million-pound thrust space vehicle, astronauts Commander Neil A. Armstrong, Command Module Pilot Michael Collins, and Lunar Module Pilot Edwin E. Aldrin jr., known as 'Buzz'. Winds are ten knots from the south-east. Temperature is in the mid eighties. Clouds are at 15,000 feet

9.35 a.m.

The spacecraft is 37 nautical miles high, downrange 61 nautical miles and travelling at about 6,340 mph. Armstrong confirms the engine skirt and launch escape tower sep arations. Nine minutes later,

with the first two Saturn rocket stages jettisoned, Apollo 11 enters a 103 mile high Earth orbit

12.22 p.m.

A boost firing of the third-stage Saturn engine, still attached to the Command Service Module, boosts Apollo 11 out of orbit midway in its second trip around Earth and onto its lunar trajectory at an initial speed of 24,200 mph Then the lunar landing craft codenamed Eagle, is unpacked from its compartment. The

Apollo 11 astronauts Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins and Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin

astronauts fire some explosive bolts, which cause the main spaceship (codename Columbia) to separate from the adaptor and blow apart the four panels that make up its sides exposing the Lunar Module tucked inside. They stop the spacecraft about 100 feet away turn their ship around, and dock head-to-head with the landing craft. The docking complete, the mated Command/Service and Lunar Modules separate from the rocket and continue alone towards the Moon

2.38 p.m.

By dumping its leftover fuel the third rocket stage is fired into a long solar orbit to remove it from Apollo 11's path

10.59 p.m.

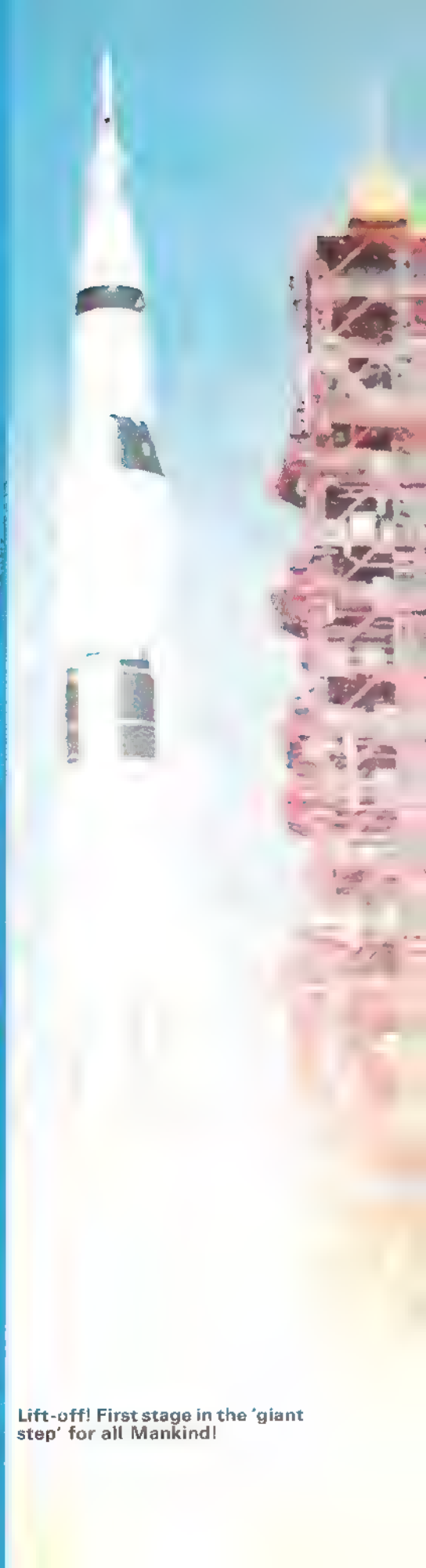
Crew members having kept busy with house-keeping duties, and first scheduled mid-course correction having been deemed unnecessary, the spacecraft shuts down for the night While Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin sleep, the vessel slows to 7,279 feet per second at a distance of 63 880 nautical miles from Earth

JULY 17, 8.48 a.m.

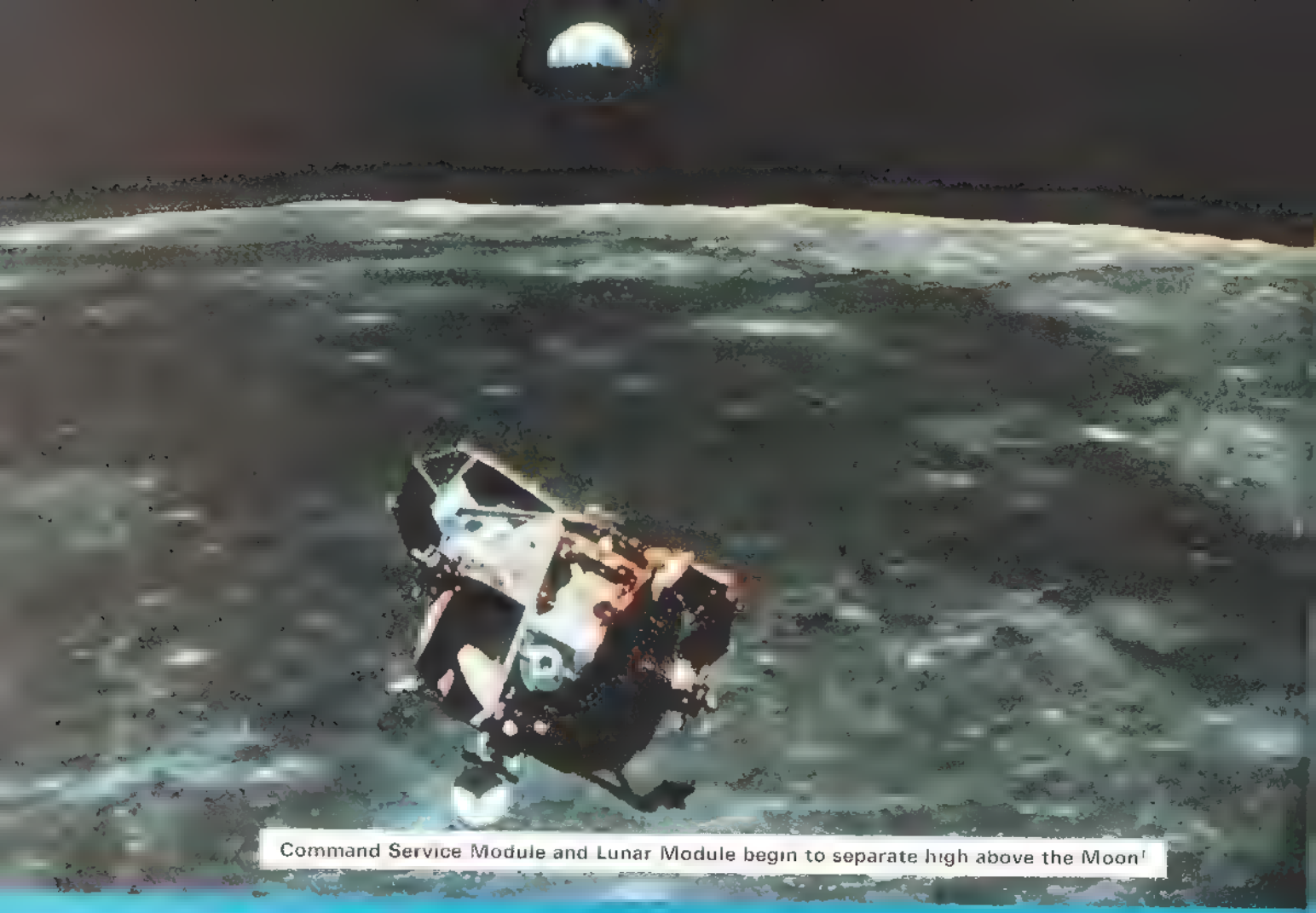
Mission Control gives Apollo crew a brief review of the morning news, including sports They are informed about the progress of Russian spaceship Lunar 15 Shortly after mid-day they have a three-second burn to sharpen the course of their craft The engine that must get them in and out of lunar orbit is tested

7.31 p.m.

Astronauts begin first scheduled colour telecast from spacecraft showing views of Earth from a distance of about 128,000 miles



Lift-off! First stage in the 'giant step' for all Mankind!



Command Service Module and Lunar Module begin to separate high above the Moon

JULY 18. 9.41 a.m.

Mission Contro lets astronauts sleep an hour later than scheduled After breakfast they charge batteries dump waste wate check fuel and oxygen reserves Lunar Modu e is checked out by afternoon and at c ose of day, velocity has s owed to 2,990 feet pe second j st before the craft enters Moon s sphere of influence at a d stance of about 33 823 nautica m les

JULY 19 10.42 a.m.

Armstrong reports to M ssion Contro The view of the Moon that we've been having recent y s tea ly spectacular It f s about three quarters of the hatch w ndow and of course we can see the entire c rcumfe ence even though part of t is in complete shadow and part of it s in earth shine It's a view worth the price of the ti p!

12.58 p.m.

The crew is informed by Mission Control that Lunar Orb t nsert on is 23 minutes away At 1 28 with the craft behind the Moon and out of Earth s contact the main rocket a 20 500 pou nd thrust eng ne is fired for about s x m nutes to slow the veh cle so that t can be captured by unar gravity By 1 55, Armstrong gets his first view of the anding approach

JULY 20. 9.27 a.m.

Aldrin crawls into the Lunar Modu e and starts to power up the spacecraft About an hour late Armstrong jo ns h m and together they cont nue to check systems and deploy landing legs

1.46 p.m.

The anding craft is separated from the Command Modu e, in wh ch Co lins continues to orbit the Moon

3.08 p.m.

Armstrong and Aldr n, flying feet f st ar d face down fire the land ng craft s descent engine for the f rst t me

3.47 p.m.

Co lins reports to Earth that the land ng craft s on ts way down to the unar surface It is the first Mission Control has hea d of the action Everything s go ng just sw mm ngly! Beaut fu! Co ins says

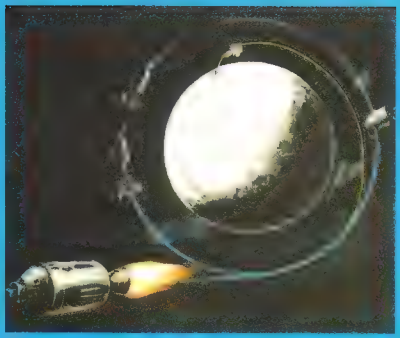
4.05 p.m.

Armstrong throttles up the eng ne to slow the Lunar Module before dropping down on the surface The anding s not easy The site they approach is four m les from the ta get point on the southwestern edge of the

Sea of Tranquility. Seeing that they are approaching a crater about the size of a football field and covered with large rocks, Armstrong takes over manual control and steers the craft to a smoother spot. Monitors reveal that his heartbeat has risen from 77 to 156! While he flies the landing craft, Aldrin gives Armstrong altitude readings. "Seven hundred and fifty feet coming down at 23 degrees! 700, 21 down! 400, down at 9! Things looking good! Lights on! Picking up some dust! 30 feet, two and a half down! Four forward, four forward! Drifting to the right a little! Okay, engines stop!"

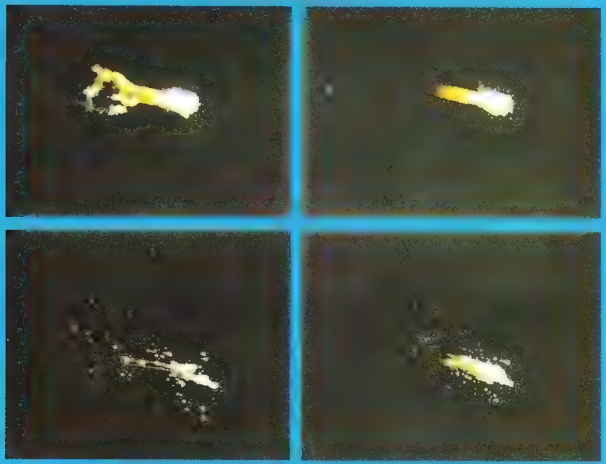
4.18 p.m.

The craft settles down with a jolt almost like that of a jet landing on a runway. It is at an angle of no more than four or five degrees to the right side of the Moon as seen from Earth. Armstrong



An artist's impression of the clearance orbits of the Command Service Module on its way back from Moon to Earth

High altitude photographs of the fiery re-entry of the Apollo 11 Command Service Module



immediately radios Mission Control . . . *"The Eagle has landed!"*

Aldrin, looking out of the Lunar Module window, reports. "We'll get to the details around here, but it looks like a collection of about every variety of shapes, angularities and granularities—every variety of rock you could find. The colours vary pretty much depending on how you're looking . . . there doesn't seem to be very much colour at all." He sees craters, some a hundred feet across, some minute. He sees ridges twenty or thirty feet high.

6.00 p.m.

The craft has been made ready for lift-off. Clearly, the first task is to ensure that they can get back for re-docking with the Command Module, still in orbit far above. Armstrong radios a recommendation that they plan to start EVA (Extra-Vehicular Activity) earlier than originally scheduled. The recommendation is approved.

10.39 p.m.

More than five hours ahead of the original planned time, Armstrong opens the Lunar Module hatch and squeezes through the opening. It is a slow process. Strapped to his shoulders is a portable life support and communications system weighing 84 pounds on Earth (but only 14 on the Moon). He clambers down the ten-foot, nine-step ladder. On reaching the second step, he pulls a "D-Ring" within easy reach, deploying a television camera, so arranged on the Module that it will depict him to Earth as he proceeds. He halts on the last rung. "The Lunar Module footpads are only depressed into the surface about one or two inches," he reports. "The surface appears to be very, very fine-grained. As you get close to it, it's almost like a powder . . ."

10.56 p.m.—0256 hours GMT.

Armstrong places his left foot to the surface of the Moon. He says, "That's one small step for a man—one giant leap for Mankind . . ."

HONOURING ELEVEN

Many countries shared in the triumph of man's first moon-landing by issuing stamps to commemorate the historic event. This issue of Grenada, released in 1969, was among the most colourful and comprehensive sets, and will remain a popular collector's item for anyone interested in the conquest of space.

Details, photos and artwork by kind permission of NASA.

Be Curious—And Die!

This was the end. In the breadth of one more second, Commander John Koenig knew that he would have the answer to the timeless question that had plagued man since the very birth of intelligence. Was death the gate to another life . . . or did death end everything? He rolled over, helplessly. His mouth, tight-shut against the foam that surged around him, held in that last breath he had drawn. Redness swam in the darkness of his closed eyes, and there was a frantic roaring in his brain as the instinct for survival told him to fight. *Fight! Fight!*

Choking, his nostrils blocked by the stuff, he felt a body canon into his. Sandra Benes? Paul Morrow? David Kano? They'd all been there when it had happened. They'd all been there in that terrible moment when he—John Koenig himself—had opened the capsule. .

He heard a voice—it was his own, but from some inner point within his brain—say his epitaph. "I didn't know . . I didn't realise . ." and then he gave himself up to the inevitability of oblivion! He—he and his colleagues in Main Mission—all were doomed, and it had been *his* fault.

Then the strong arms gripped his shoulders, and he was only faintly aware of the red survival suit of his rescuer from the Moonbase Alpha standby security team, looming over him as its wearer dragged him through the sliding doors and to safety. .

They were still in there, Koenig reflected as his senses gradually came back to him. The hardest men of the Alpha complex. The security staff—the internal police who feared nothing, who could quell their imagination and do their job in the most hazardous of conditions—the conditions of the unknown! He was safe. So, miraculously, were the others who had been with him. He looked around, and met the stunned eyes of Benes, Morrow, Kano . . . of Williams, Mason, Fantino. And then the doors crashed open and, foam flooding round their feet, the rescuers dragged out the last bodies for Doctor Helena Russell's resuscitation machine. Davis, Yamamoto, Duvalier.

He was conscious of Victor Bergman bending over him. "John. You're okay? It's beyond all reasoning. We just don't know what it is!"

Koenig fought his way to his feet, ignoring the hands that tried to make him lie still. "We—we've got to get rid of it," he gasped. "If we can't get back into Main Mission, we've no control over our destiny at all!"

For every master system, from Kano's computer down to the life-support systems of the whole of Moonbase Alpha were in that foam-filled room, and without access to them, the castaways of space were totally helpless!

"We have the black box, John," said Bergman, his voice soothing, but with a definite and recognisable edge to it. "Maybe that will give us the answers! My laboratory. "

"Your laboratory *doesn't* have the computer, Victor!" Koenig clenched his fists and slammed them together in fury. "Human minds aren't going to decipher whatever message that box has for us!"

"It may be that this alien intelligence could destroy us," said Commander Koenig. "It may look like foam—but it could be something else!"

He felt Helena Russell touch his arm, gently. 'If that's what you really believe, John,' she said softly. 'Then we might as well give up. Whatever's invaded us has killed us, and we might just as well have drowned in there.'

It had all happened so quickly. Koenig, relaxing in his quarters, had been summoned to Main Mission by a call from Controller Paul Morrow. "You'd better come up, Commander. We've picked up an object on video. Spheroid. Too small for a space-craft. Seems to be some kind of drifting probe... but there are no planetary systems within direct reach."

Koenig had seen it on screen. A metallic globe, about the size of a football. Some unidentifiable piece of space junk, perhaps long lost in escape orbit from an unknown, intelligent source. It would have passed the moon without being drawn into orbit and down to its surface. But Koenig's curiosity had overcome him... a curiosity that had made him order an Eagle to be launched. An Eagle equipped with grabs to capture the strange globe and bring it down for examination.

There had been hours of decision. Suppose it was a space-craft? Perhaps containing beings of tiny proportions? All manner of tests had been applied. Rays that pierced the object through and through, discovering nothing. And then, abruptly, it had opened, a slim section sliding back in it to reveal two compartments, one of which contained a black box, easily and quickly extracted, clearly a minutely transistorised mini-bank that held some kind of memory chamber.

Koenig had said, 'It's an exploratory device, sent out into deep space in the hope of making contact with another civilisation.' And he'd ordered Kano to begin experiments.

What lay beyond the closed door? As Koenig triggered the comlock, he knew it could be death!

for the coupling of the box to the Moonbase computer

And then it had happened Before Kano could even start! From the other half of the globe, foam had begun to gush Foam that seemed to come from nowhere Foam that poured out with such violence and velocity that, within seconds, the whole floor of Main Mission was covered with it! Under their feet, it had made them slip and slither Made them fall over Risen to swamp them and blind them, choke them and smother them . . . and Koenig had only just had time to make the desperate comlock call to the security staff

Now the doors were closed. Foam that had spread out from Main Mission into the corridor beyond had withered and dried, to disappear completely But the wall-mounted video screens told Koenig that inside his control area, it was foam, foam, foam from floor to ceiling

"We know by now that there are more forms of life in this universe than we could ever have guessed at, on Earth." Koenig turned to face the others sprawled around the corridor near him. "It may be that this foam is possessed of some intelligence. There may be a planet where it lives. We have to attempt to communicate with it."

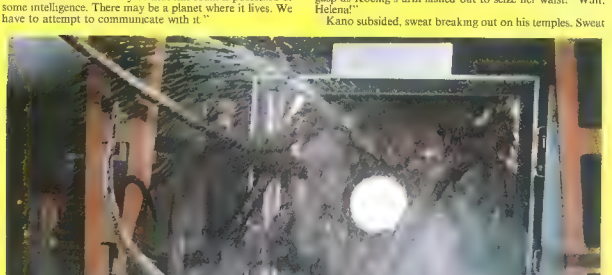
"Let Kano have a look at it, Kano—you underwent mind-coupled treatment on Earth, didn't you?" The Commander stared grimly at the Jamaican. "You have something of that computer within your own mind, right?" Slowly, Kano nodded. "Would you be willing to be coupled up to Victor's unit here absorb the transmissions of the black box into your own brain?"

Kano bit his lip Sat down beside Bergman "I'll do it, Commander."

"You realise what *might* happen? *Any* coupling of computer systems with the human brain can result in permanent and irreversible damage. . ." Koenig didn't meet Kano's eyes. "I'll take the chance, Commander," he said

Electrodes were placed on Kano's skull Sensor needles were implanted just beneath the surface of his skin His eyes were tight shut as Bergman gently shifted the controls of his computer Then Kano's body went rigid! His body arched, and a cry broke his lips! "N-n-arrrgh!" "Stop it, John! *Stop it!*" Helena Russell darted forward, but brought up with a gasp as Koenig's arm lashed out to seize her waist! "Wait, Helena!"

Kano subsided, sweat breaking out on his temples. Sweat



From the shattered filter corridor of Moonbase, a blasting eruption of matter as Carter's laser struck home!

"John, you're distraught" Bergman shook his head at his friend "*Foam* can't make machinery like the black box' Foam might have some kind of intelligence, but it hasn't got hands! And *hands* made that thing!"

All right, Victor, all right!" Koenig was snarling. "Logic first Without Main Mission, we're blind. Alan . ." he turned to chief pilot Alan Carter. "Alan—get your Eagle airborne at once, and take up guidance station ahead of us on Moon's trajectory You're going to be our eyes."

Right on, Commander!" Carter ducked into the nearest entry-point of the travel tube system, and within minutes he was reporting back via comlock. "Way ahead absolutely clear, sir Nothing even on deep range scanner."

Koenig followed Victor Bergman to the main laboratory. Watched as the Professor began to examine the black box "I'm afraid the foam has short-circuited all connection with the central computer, John," said Bergman. "But my own standby unit seems to be doing a fair job. There's a print out Some kind of language, but it doesn't make any sense to me"

flecked with the crackle of minute discharges of electricity. His lips moved, soundlessly at first but then

"Warning . . . it's a warning! Don't- -don't touch don't reveal the other side! Close the capsule immediately!"

Kano went limp, and Bergman jerked the terminals from his head. There was no sound but the slapping of his face as he was brought back to full consciousness, mercifully normal

"Never mind the message, Kano what impressions did your mind receive? We *know* we shouldn't have let that foam out the black box must have been telling us all the time, only *our* human telepathy levels couldn't hear it!"

The Jamaican shuddered "I saw a planet, Commander A planet where beings like you and me were living In a city much like a city on Earth But but there was this *thing* this horrifying *thing* that menaced them, and they were *fighting* it!"

"Go on go *on*!"

"I can't describe it. It was *horrible*! But they they beat it. They subdued it. Reduced it to a kind of contained entity,

and imprisoned it in a sphere. . ."

Koenig turned. "A sphere. The sphere *we* found. They shot it out into space to get rid of it, and enclosed a warning to any other beings who might have found it. But—but Kano—foam isn't *horrible*."

Kano's eyes rolled. "What *I* saw wasn't *foam*, Commander . ."

"Commander! The video screens have gone blank!" Paul Morrow spun on his heel, and behind him, Koenig could see that the wall mounted monitor showed nothing but blackness inside Main Mission. And there was vibration. A vibration they could all feel!

"Not *blank*, Paul—there's still contact. The foam's changed. Changed to something else. Something that fills the room! At a guess, I'd say that whatever was imprisoned in that sphere has undergone changes—changes occasioned by temperature and environment. It may have lived in its space prison as a vital entity that found release here on Moonbase, emerged as foam, then—with conditions perhaps similar to those on the planet it attacked—regained its original form. Kano—just what *was* the form of this horrible thing you saw?"

Kano spread his hands. "A monster, Commander. Just a *monster*!"

Koenig ordered the people with him to withdraw even further—back along the corridors to their own quarters. He dressed himself in a survival suit and armed himself with a laser pistol. Then—alone—though there was a back-up group ready behind him—he triggered the comlock that opened the door into Main Mission! Not half an hour previously, he had stared death in the face in the welter of foam. Now he faced it again—but he didn't know *what* form it would take! Did it matter? He told himself that death was death. No more, no less! The door slowly opened.

What Koenig saw made him leap back with alarm! His blood seemed to turn to water in his veins! The whole doorway was filled with a mass of writhing tentacles—tentacles of some unworldly substance that gave off stinking, intolerable fumes! And behind the tentacles, a glowing, fiendish eye that bored its vision right into his brain, paralysing his every movement! If this were the menace that some distant planet had managed to expel, then they were well rid of it!

The tentacles swept towards him! A frightful shrieking cut into his very brain! It took every ounce of his will-power to press the trigger of his laser—but the beam seemed only to enrage the vile monster that slithered and lurched towards him!

"Commander! Fall back! Fall back!" He heard the captain of the back-up squad behind him yelling. But he couldn't move! A tentacle lashed his face! Then the blast of laser rifles cut past him, and strong arms tore him away from the dreadful menace that had already left the confines of Main Mission—to gain entrance to the rest of Moonbase!

"We—we can't fight it! Nothing affects it!" He heard himself screaming the words as his friends dragged him backwards through another door, locking it tightly closed behind him.

Out beyond Moonbase Alpha, Alan Carter sat at the controls of his Eagle. On his video screen he'd seen everything. Knew exactly what was going on. And he also knew that the stress of a chaotic and fantastic situation had probably put his superiors beyond the reach of rational quick-thinking. "Koenig's in corridor three," he thought. "That monster's emerged from Main Mission, and it's in the filter area between Main Mission and Executive Living Area One." Deliberately, Carter turned his Eagle so that it was facing down towards the star-spread of Alpha. "Keep out of Filter Area One," he yelled into his comlock. "Stay still everywhere—or you've had it!"

The Eagle flashed down, and Carter thumbed the button

A terrifying, tentacled monster—a fearsome light of malign evil glowing within!

of his laser cannons! A blast of light flashed from his craft to slam into the stressed metal of the connecting corridor, tearing the roof open like paper! He saw the hole bloom open. Saw it fill with something black and writhing. And then a whirling tangle of tentacles came blossoming out, sucked by the very vacuum of space! A tangle that spread and split and came past his Eagle in a shrieking welter of torn and riven particles with a central glow of fierce, malevolent light that dimmed and scattered as he watched. He grimaced sourly as bits splattered the screens of his Eagle's beak, only to be whipped clean from the smooth surface.

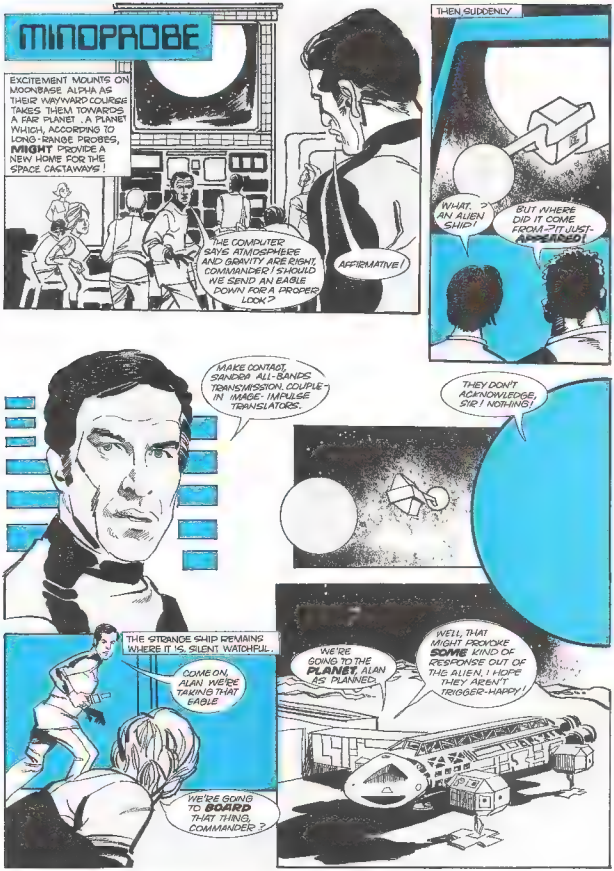
"Commander." He blew lustily with relief, and saw the strained face of Koenig come up on the screen of his comlock. "Don't—repeat, don't try and get back into Main Mission. Not until you've got survival suits on, and life-lines so's you're not drawn into space. 'Fraid I've had to bust some holes in Moonbase, but I guess they can be fixed. I saw your monster, by the way—and I reckon he isn't going to give any more trouble."

"It's funny, Alan," said Koenig. "It just came to me in a flash. You were the answer. I was going to *order* you to blockbust that corridor and pull our enemy into nothing!"

"Yeah. That's what all the bosses say," grinned Carter. "Hope it's on record that this one *was* my idea. . ."

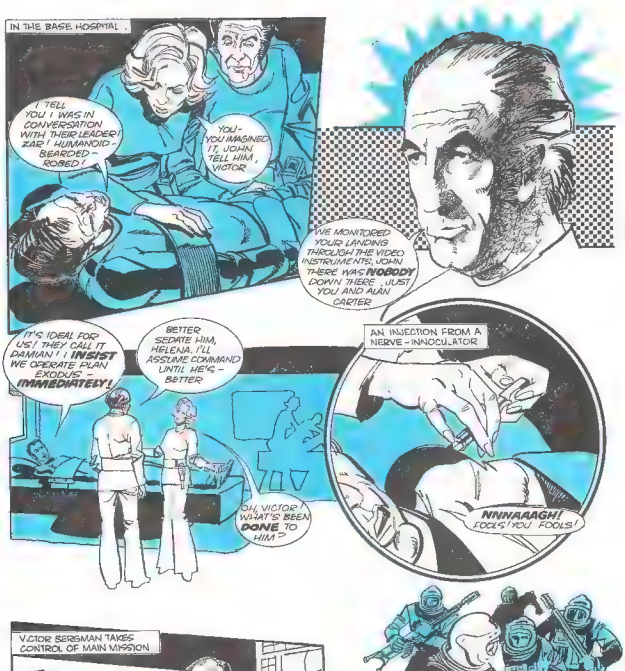
While repair teams re-built the shattered communicating area that had proved the monster's undoing, Koenig kept in his quarters, along with Helena Russell and Victor Bergman. Alan Carter had returned, been interviewed, congratulated, and then dismissed as being too smug by half. Bergman said: "We still have the black box, John. And now we have access to Kano's computer again, we might find out the planet that sent it up. If it happens to lie somewhere on our course, we might put our adventure to good use. . ."

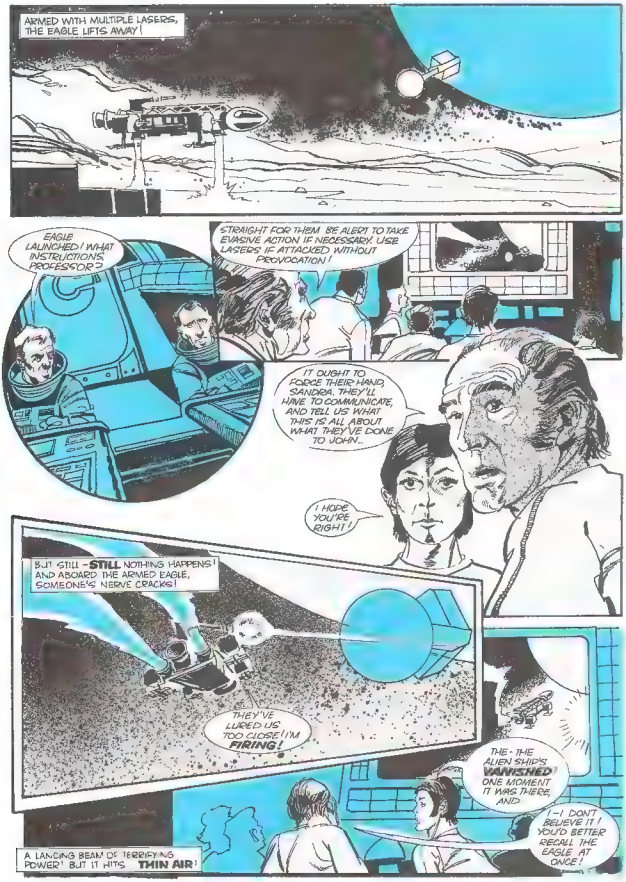
Koenig smiled. "Send down and tell them we encountered their monster and destroyed it for them, Victor? Hope they'll be so grateful that they'll invite us to share their home? Well—it's a thought, but it's just as much a long-shot as finding that sphere in the first place. You never know what's going to happen when you encounter something in space . . ."


MINDPROBE
EXCITEMENT MOUNTS ON MOONBASE ALPHA AS THEIR WAYWARD COURSE TAKES THEM TOWARDS A FAR PLANET . A PLANET WHICH, ACCORDING TO LONG-RANGE PROBES, MIGHT PROVIDE A NEW HOME FOR THE SPACE CASTAWAYS !
THE COMPUTER SAYS ATMOSPHERE AND GRAVITY ARE RIGHT, COMMANDER ! SHOULD WE SEND AN EAGLE DOWN FOR A PROPER LOOK?
AFFIRMATIVE !
THEN SUDDENLY
WHAT...? AN ALIEN SHIP!
BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM ?! IT JUST-APPEARED!
MAKE CONTACT, STANDBY ALL-BANDS TRANSMISSION, COUPLE IN IMAGE-IMPULSE TRANSLATORS.
THEY DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE, SIR ! NOTHING!
THE STRANGE SHIP REMAINS WHERE IT IS, SILENT, WATCHFUL.
COME ON, ALAN, WE'RE TAKING THAT EAGLE
WE'RE GOING TO BOARD THAT THING, COMMANDER ?
WE'RE GOING TO THE PLANET, ALAN AS PLANNED.
WELL, THAT MIGHT PROVOKE SOME KIND OF RESPONSE OUT OF THIS ALIEN, ! HOPE THEY AREN'T TRIGGER-HAPPY!

INCREDIBLY, THERE IS NO REACTION AT ALL FROM THE HUGE VESSEL. .
STRANGE! THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
WITHIN AN HOUR, THE EAGLE TOUCHES DOWN.
MY STARS! IT-IT'S LIKE PARADISE! WHAT A LANDSCAPE!
AND THE INSTRUMENTS DO INDICATE A COMPATIBLE ATMOSPHERE FOR US! WE'LL STEP DOWN, ALAN- BUT UNSHIP YOUR STUN-GUN JUST IN CASE!
WARMTH! VEGETATION! OUR PEOPLE CAN MAKE A NEW COLONY HERE!
BUT THAT SHIP! ETC. AND THE INHABITANTS DOWN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY?
HECK, WHAT AM I WORRIED ABOUT? WE'VE PROBABLY LANDED IN A REMOTE REGION! I GUESS WE CAN ALWAYS FIGHT THE ALIENS IF THEY MAKE TROUBLE.
AT THAT INSTANT
UHHH..? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU SPRING FROM?
YOUR FRIEND WOULD RESORT TO VIOLENCE AGAINST US, COMMANDER?
I AM ZAR, LEADER OF THE PEOPLE OF DAMIAN. ANSWER MY QUESTION, COMMANDER. HE WOULD USE FORCE?
NO, NO, HE WOULD NOT! I COMMAND, AND I GIVE YOU MY WORD WE WOULD SETTLE HERE IN PEACE. WE WOULD RESPECT YOUR EVERY WISH!

JOHN! WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON? WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING TO?
WHY - ZAR, OF COURSE! YOU CRAZY?
THERE'S NOBODY THERE!
YOU'RE BLIND! LOOK - LOOK! SPEAK TO HIM, ZAR!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JOHN! THIS MAY LOOK LIKE THE GARDEN OF EDEN, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
LET ME GO, YOU FOOL! D'YOU HEAR?
WHK!
NNNEEE!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, SIR - BUT YOU'RE HALLUCINATING!
NEXT MOMENT...
CARTER TO ALPHA I MEDICAL UNIT. STAND BY FOR OUR RETURN! THE COMMANDER'S FLIPPED!
WHEN THEY GET BACK TO MOONBASE.
WHAT HAPPENED?
HAD TO SLUG HIM! THERE ARE ALIENS DOWN THERE INVISIBLE! I GUESS THEY'VE TAKEN OVER HIS MIND!
WE'LL PUT HIM UNDER RESTRAINT JUST IN CASE.

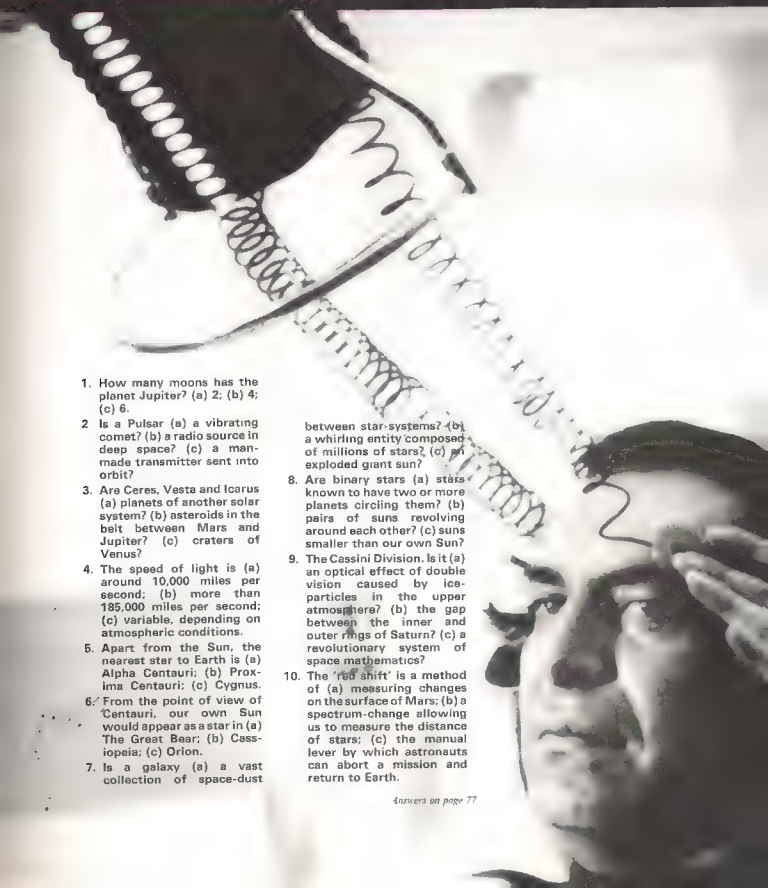

IN THE BASE HOSPITAL
I TELL YOU I WAS IN CONVERSATION WITH THEIR LEADER! ZAR! HUMANOID - BEARDED - ROBED!
YOU - YOU IMAGINED IT, JOHN. TELL HIM, VICTOR.
WE MONITORED YOUR LANDING THROUGH THE VIDEO INSTRUMENTS, JOHN. THERE WAS NOBODY DOWN THERE. JUST YOU AND ALAN CARTER.
IT'S IDEAL FOR US! THEY CALL IT DAMIAN! I INSIST WE OPERATE PLAN EXODUS - IMMEDIATELY!
BETTER SEDATE HIM, HELENA. I'LL ASSUME COMMAND UNTIL HE'S - BETTER.
OH, VICTOR - WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO HIM?
AN INJECTION FROM A NERVE - INNOCULATOR
NNNAAAGH! FOOLS! YOU FOOLS!
VICTOR BERGMAN TAKES CONTROL OF MAIN MISSION
THAT SHIP! IT MUST BE MADE TO ANSWER OUR SIGNALS! I WANT A FULLY-ARMED EAGLE ON THE PAD. ASSAULT POD. COMBAT PLATOON OF THE SECURITY SECTION TO EMBARK!
TAKE POSITION, LADS! CHECK ALL WEAPONS FOR FULL POWER! WE MAY FIND WE'VE GOT A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!


ARMED WITH MULTIPLE LASERS, THE EAGLE LIFTS AWAY!
EAGLE LAUNCHED! WHAT INSTRUCTIONS, PROFESSOR?
STRAIGHT FOR THEM. BE ALERT TO TAKE EVASIVE ACTION IF NECESSARY. USE LASERS IF ATTACKED, WITHOUT PROVOCATION!
IT OUGHT TO FORCE THEIR HAND, SANDRA. THEY'LL HAVE TO COMMUNICATE, AND TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO JOHN...
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT STILL - STILL NOTHING HAPPENS! AND ABOARD THE ARMED EAGLE, SOMEONE'S NERVE CRACKS!
THEY'VE LURED US TOO CLOSE! I'M FIRING!
THE - THE ALIEN SHIPS VANISHED! ONE MOMENT IT WAS THERE, AND -
-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'D BETTER RECALL THE EAGLE AT ONCE!
A LANCING BEAM OF TERRIFYING POWER! BUT IT HITS THIN AIR!

THE STUNNED SILENCE IN MAIN MISSION IS BROKEN AS A STRONGER SIGNAL ACTIVATES THE VIDEO SCREEN
EARTHMEN! I AM ZAR - LEADER OF DAMIAN! YOU HAVE BEEN TESTED - AND YOU HAVE FAILED
ZAR! WASN'T THAT THE BRAIN JOHN TOLD US ABOUT?
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN WELCOME ON OUR PLANET, YOUR COMMANDER WAS A GOOD MAN, AND SO I REVEALED MYSELF TO HIM. HIS COMPANION WAS OF VIOLENT MIND.
OUR PLANET IS ONE OF ABSOLUTE PEACE. THAT IS WHY WE PUT THE MIRAGE OF A SHIP IN FRONT OF YOU, TO SEE HOW YOU WOULD REACT
AND - AND WE ALLOWED OURSELVES TO CHALLENGE TO SUSPECT A THREAT TO TRY AND SHOW OUR STRENGTH
THERE IS NO PLACE ON DAMIAN FOR THE HUMAN TRAITS OF FEAR, SUSPICION OR DOMINATION! YOU JOURNEY ON - OUT OF OUR ORBIT. YOUR COMMANDER IS A PURE MAN. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN WELCOME
WHAT'LL WE TELL JOHN HELENA ?
THE TRUTH. WE'VE LOST A HOME, VICTOR - BUT WE'VE GAINED THE KNOWLEDGE THAT NO BETTER MAN CAN EVER LEAD US IN OUR SEARCH FOR OUR DESTINY!

BRAINSEARCH

If you were one of the castaways on the runaway Moon, just how far would your knowledge of space extend? See if you can pick the correct answers to these questions—and check your results on page 77! Get more than half correct, and Commander Koenig will be proud of you!



1. How many moons has the planet Jupiter? (a) 2; (b) 4; (c) 6.
2. Is a Pulsar (a) a vibrating comet? (b) a radio source in deep space? (c) a man-made transmitter sent into orbit?
3. Are Ceres, Vesta and Icarus (a) planets of another solar system? (b) asteroids in the belt between Mars and Jupiter? (c) craters of Venus?
4. The speed of light is (a) around 10,000 miles per second; (b) more than 185,000 miles per second; (c) variable, depending on atmospheric conditions.
5. Apart from the Sun, the nearest star to Earth is (a) Alpha Centauri; (b) Proxima Centauri; (c) Cygnus.
6. From the point of view of Centauri, our own Sun would appear as a star in (a) The Great Bear; (b) Cassiopeia; (c) Orion.
7. Is a galaxy (a) a vast collection of space-dust between star-systems? (b) a whirling entity composed of millions of stars? (c) an exploded giant sun?
8. Are binary stars (a) stars known to have two or more planets circling them? (b) pairs of suns revolving around each other? (c) suns smaller than our own Sun?
9. The Cassini Division. Is it (a) an optical effect of double vision caused by ice-particles in the upper atmosphere? (b) the gap between the inner and outer rings of Saturn? (c) a revolutionary system of space mathematics?
10. The 'red shift' is a method of (a) measuring changes on the surface of Mars; (b) a spectrum-change allowing us to measure the distance of stars; (c) the manual lever by which astronauts can abort a mission and return to Earth.

Answers on page 77

SURVIVAL!

A GAME FOR TWO OR MORE PLAYERS.

THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO BE THE FIRST PLAYER TO REACH THE ALIEN PLANET, LAND, TAKE OFF AGAIN, AND RETURN TO MOONBASE ALPHA IN ONE PIECE! YOU'LL NEED A DICE, AND A COUNTER FOR EACH PLAYER - BUTTONS WILL DO, AS LONG AS YOU REMEMBER WHICH IS YOURS! BEGIN FROM THE START SQUARE AND MOVE YOUR COUNTER ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER SHOWN ON THE DICE YOU THROW. YOU MUST OBEY THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SQUARES UPON WHICH YOU LAND. TO REACH THE 'PLANET' SQUARE, YOU **MUST** THROW THE EXACT NUMBER NECESSARY. ANYTHING ELSE DOESN'T COUNT AND IT'S THE SAME FOR GETTING BACK TO MOONBASE ON THE RETURN TRIP!
SO BLAST OFF — AND THE BEST OF LUCK!

YOU'VE LANDED!

HOSTILE ALIENS! BACK 2 SPACES

DISCOVER WATER AND PLANT LIFE! FORWARD 2 SPACES

ATTACK BY MONSTROUS ANIMALS! THROW A 6 BEFORE YOU CAN MOVE

FIND IDEAL SITE FOR COLONY. FORWARD 2 SPACES

LIFT-OFF PROBLEMS! MISS A TURN

CO-PILOT BLACKS OUT! BACK 2 SPACES

BEAT LASER DEFENCE! FORWARD 2 SPACES

BONUS SQUARE! THROW A 6 TO WIN

DANGEROUS CAPSULE EXPLODES. BACK 2 SPACES

ALIEN ABOARD! MISS A GO

DODGE SPACE JUNK! FORWARD 2 SPACES

LANDING DELAYED! MISS A GO

ASTEROID MENACE! BACK 2 SPACES

ALIEN SHIP BLOWS UP! FORWARD 2 SPACES

LOSE RADIO CONTACT! MISS A GO

BEAT OFF ATTACK! FORWARD 4 SPACES

LIFT-OFF COLLISION! MISS 3 GOES

FUEL FAILURE! MISS A GO

Start & Finish

PROFESSOR Victor Bergman

Barry Morse, the actor who plays Victor Bergman, doesn't regard it as at all surprising that he should be whipped off to the Moon as a British professor. Nothing surprises him any more about the profession which has provided him with one unexpected turn after another

He has a habit of identifying himself with long-running roles without the slightest risk of becoming typecast. He will undoubtedly do so again in 'Space 1999' just as he played the ever-pursuing Lieutenant Gerard in the smash-hit 'Fugitive' series, and the urbane 'establishment' figure Mr. Parminter in 'The Adventurers' Remember him. too, as the Canadian member of the re-grouped former Resistance Movement team in 'The Zoo Gang' In between these roles, he has played almost every type of diverse part into the bargain—from (believe it) a belly-dancer to a black man!

The most surprising thing about suave, personable Barry Morse is that he's a genuine, within-the-sound-of-Bow-Bells cockney. Back in the East End he can slip quite easily into the old chat—especially when he's visiting his brother, an ex London copper. So why do people tend to think he's either American or Canadian? "It's because I've always been a natural mimic," he says. "I pick up accents like a magnet picks up metal." It was just this mimicry that got him his first entry to acting. That, and his native cheek. He was an errand boy at the time, delivering a glass-manufacturer's samples for fifteen bob a week. Feeling ambitious, he put on the style and presented himself at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, applying for an audition! And they not only accepted him, they gave him a student grant of three pounds a week! Barry's professional debut came at The People's Theatre in the East End, in a play called 'If I Were King' His next step was to become producer, director and star of 'The Voice of The Turtle', on tour.

He went into films in a Will Hay comedy—'The Goose Steps Out'—side by side with another newcomer. Peter Ustinov

Very early on the TV scene, Barry eventually went to Canada. where television was just starting up He remained in Toronto to become a producer, director and actor there, winning the Best TV Actor Award no less than five times.

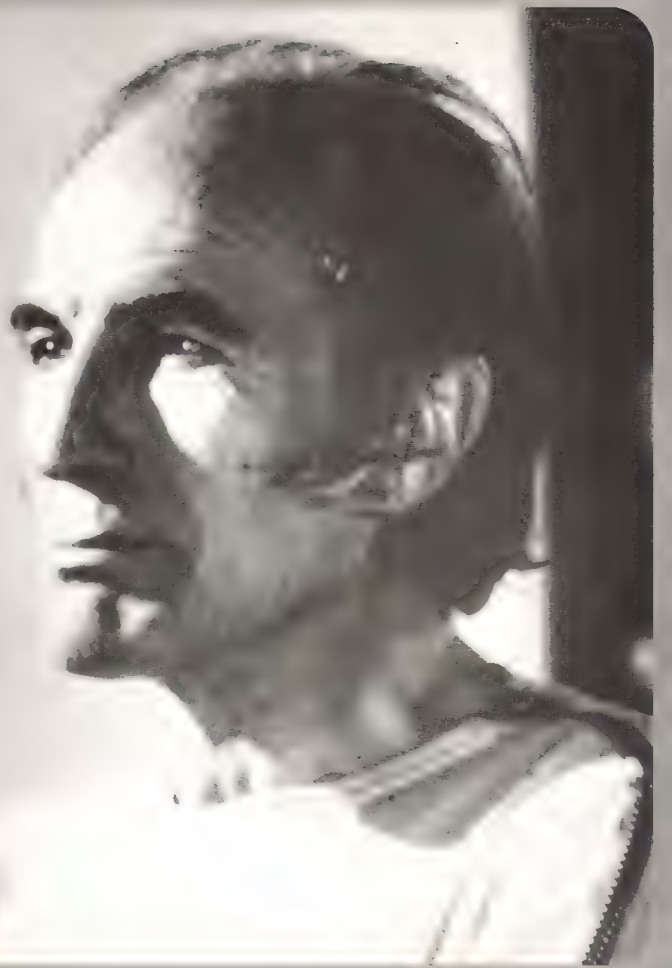
He also visited America for Hollywood productions, both films and TV, with guest roles in such series as 'Doctor Kildare' ("I was a Romanian drug-smuggler!") and 'Wagon Train' ("A drunken Irish journalist, no less!").

And, of course, he really hit the international scene as Gerard in 'The Fugitive'.

Back in England to visit his children, Hayward and Melanie, Barry met Roger Moore, and appeared in an episode of 'The Saint'. Other parts led to his eventual engagement as Bergman.

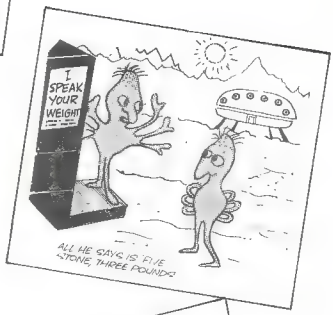
And this cockney who plays a Professor? Well, it's not so odd. In 1968, Barry was lecturing at Yale University's Drama Department—having been appointed -Adjunct Professor!

British. The 'father figure' of Moonbase Alpha. Older than the others, he was a young man when Space exploration first began. He can remember when a visit to the Moon was a figment of Jules Verne-type imagination. With a brilliant mind that has been responsible for a number of developments in space science, Bergman is very much the professor. Sometimes unworldly in practical matters. Physical condition excellent (File M/30/B/8 refers). But has mechanical heart replacement. This, because it responds more slowly to nervous stimuli than does a normal human heart, reduces his reactions to most emotional stresses. Immune to panic. Is invaluable on Moonbase for ability to maintain clear-thinking in times of stress.

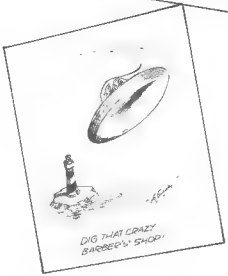


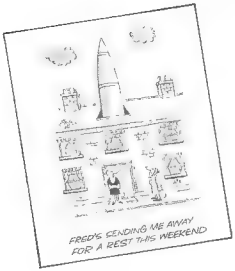
Moonbeams

MUMMY SAID: MUSTN'T TALK TO STRANGE MEN


I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT
ALL HE SAYS IS FIVE STONE, THREE POUNDS

YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST "ATELITE CAT"


DIG THAT CRAZY BARBER'S SHOP!


FRED'S SENDING ME AWAY FOR A REST THIS WEEKEND

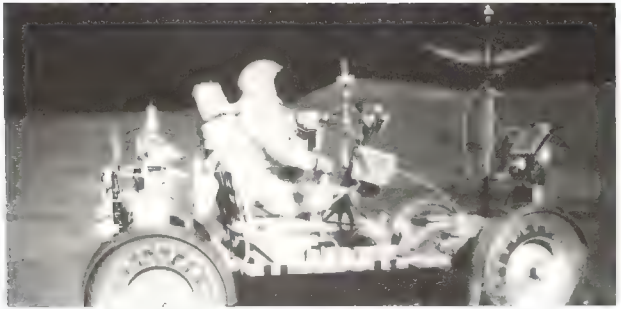
PETE I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE NOT TO SPEAK TO STRANGE MEN

MOONWATCH

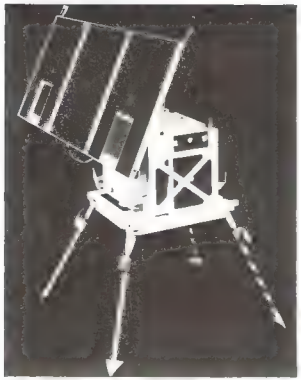
The Apollo missions of the late sixties and early seventies were executed in a constant blaze of publicity—most of which centred around the rockets, the vehicles, and the men who manned them. But there was another, less publicised side to the Moonshot series which involved patient and painstaking experiments by the astronauts, using a whole truckload of strange and sophisticated gadgetry, much of which was left behind on the Moon's surface. But not to lie idle.

Many of these highly technical machines were positioned so that they could act as remote watchdogs, constantly collecting information on Earth's closest companion in space. Collecting it, assessing it, and transmitting data back to the scientific laboratories, ever hungry for knowledge, back in the United States.

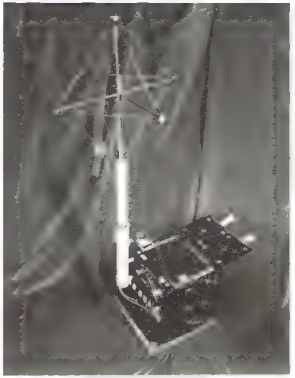
The picture above shows an astronaut of the Apollo 12 mission aided by his companion (clearly visible, reflected in his helmet visor) conducting just one of the many required experiments. On the following pages, we show some of the machinery actually used in the subsequent landings, and outline briefly just what it was used for. . .

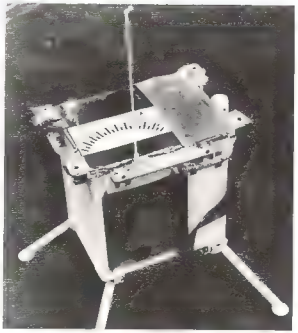


Actually used on Apollo 15 mission, this Lunar Rover was a key item in many of the experiments. On 17, a similar vehicle was fitted with a tri-loop receiving antenna and data recorder (right, in the picture below) to pick up signals from the device shown on the left. That is a solar-panel powered transmitter and multiple frequency antenna, which was set seventy metres away. Its purpose was to determine layering in the lunar surface, to search for the presence of water below the surface, and to measure the electrical properties of the lunar material on location. Six frequencies from 1 to 32 megahertz allowed probing of the subsurface up to several kilometres. In this case, the data recorder was returned to Earth for analysis.

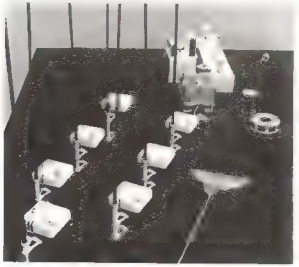


This picture shows (left) the Lunar Ejecta and Meteorites experiment and (right) the Lunar Seismic Profiling experiment. The first was designed to measure direction, mass distribution and speed of cosmic dust particles hitting the Moon from space, and also the same properties of the Moon's own dust thrown clear by such impacts. The second had to obtain data on physical properties of the lunar surface and subsurface by generating and monitoring artificial seismic waves and by detecting moonquakes and meteorite impacts. During the time the Apollo 17 astronauts were on the Moon, the Lunar Rover set eight explosive charges at measured distances from this device, which were detonated remotely from Earth after lunar liftoff.

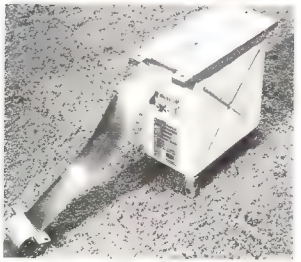




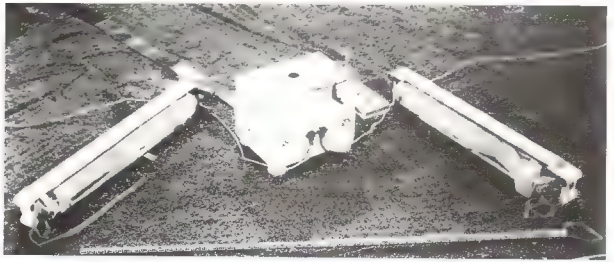
Whatever the fiction of Space 1999, the fact is that these pieces of equipment, and others like them, have made a vast contribution to man's knowledge of the Moon. Like true sentries, these robots remain on watch when their masters have gone away!



A real watchdog is this Charged-Particle Lunar Environment experiment—which studied the energy distribution and time variations of proton and electron flow when the lunar surface came under the bombardment of the solar wind. It also measured the lower-energy cosmic rays to which the Moon was subjected during solar eruptions or flares.



The Apollo 13 Heat Flow experiment. This measured the lunar temperature at depths up to ten feet, and the value of the Moon's thermal conductivity over the same depth. Information as to the net outward flow of heat and the radioactive content of the Moon's interior compared to that of Earth allowed scientists to reconstruct the various subsurface layers and to determine whether a melting-point may be approached towards the interior of the Moon.



Photographs courtesy of NASA

MAIN MISSION IQ

All personnel considered for duties on Main Mission, Moonbase Alpha, have been required to take an Intelligence Quotient Test before initial training. We reproduce that test here—so that you can discover your own IQ rating for Alpha. To pass, you need six correct out of ten—and you can check the answers on page 77. Like all Moonbase personnel, you are on your honour not to cheat.

1. Complete the following sequence.
   2. 4. 8. 16. 32. 64. _____.

2. Which is the odd colour out?
   Red. Blue. Green. Orange.

3. Make sense of the following statement by inserting one full stop and one semi-colon.
   TIME FLIES YOU CAN'T THEY FLY TOO FAST.

4. What is the connection between the following sentences?
   MADAM, I'M ADAM. ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA.

5. Fill in the missing word in this series of links—
   APE–PEG–EGG.
   SON–ONE–NEW.
   BID–_____–DEN.

6. Which of these numbers is the odd one out?
   6. 9. 12. 33. 14.

7. What does the following represent, as a sentence?
   YY U R, YY UB, I C U R YY 4 ME.

8. Fill the gap in the following—
   Blue, Yellow, Green.
   Red, Blue, Purple.
   Red, Green, Brown.
   Red, Yellow, _____.

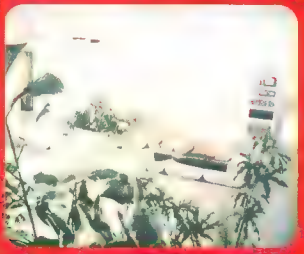
9. One ton of feathers is lighter than one ton of lead. True or false?

10. One ton of feathers is more massive than one ton of lead. True or false?

Answers on page 77

If you've ever wondered whether the personnel of Moonbase Alpha find time to relax at all, the answer is yes! These four pictures show just how some of them go about it.

ANOTHER SIDE OF ALPHA!



Concerts are frequently held, in which members of the staff entertain their colleagues with music and song.

For the health-fiends, there is a well-equipped gymnasium, sports rooms, saunas—and this comfortable solarium.

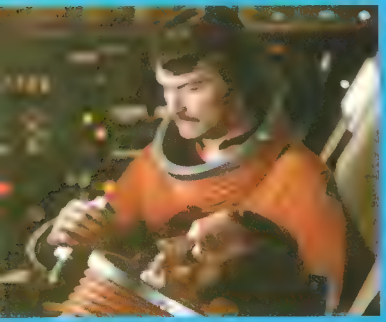
Though their own quarters are spartan, an elegant rest area is provided where people can get out of working clothes and enjoy painting, card games—even doing jigsaws like this girl technician!

Anyone, from Commander Koenig downwards, can make use of this experimental lab, a workshop where electronic and chemical gadgets can be built—even models for those with nimble fingers. Photography is very popular.

The whole idea is to provide as many 'spare-time' facilities as possible, in keeping with those on Earth. The alternative would be insanity-creating boredom.

CLUE PIX – the game of the name

Study the pictures on these pages and solve the clues printed beneath each of them. In each case, the answer is a single word.



A. In the control area of an Eagle, Paul Morrow tends an injured colleague. Paul wears a space suit—but what is the distinguishing colour of his sleeve in his normal uniform?

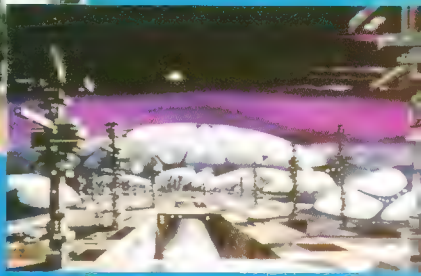
C. This Moonbase astronaut is holding a weapon which works on the projected light principle of a Laser ——. (What is the missing word?)

B. The areas of Moonbase marked with red crosses are launch and landing pads for which craft?

D. Commander Koenig and Helena Russell take samples on an alien planet. Helena's white uniform sleeve marks her out as a member of which Moonbase department?

E. Strangers from another planet have reached the power-unit installations that keep Moonbase alive. What is the term for the kind of power in question? The danger of radiation should give you a clue!

G. Clearly no part of Moonbase, this planet is obviously inhabited by intelligent beings. What is the overall term for inhabitants of planets other than Earth?



F. Commander Koenig has clearly found something wrong with some of his key personnel. In a trance, such as Kano's, what word is used to describe the blank state of a man's eyes?

Now, if you have answered the above clues correctly, take the initial letters of each of your seven words and fill them in here.

— — — — — — —

Can you unscramble the seven letters and make the surname of a prominent member of the Moonbase staff? Check your answer on page 77.

CHIEF PILOT
Alan Carter

When Nick Tate he is Australian, and he *was* born in Sydney (but in 1942) went along to be interviewed for a role in 'Space 1999', he was one of many hopeful young actors looking for a break.

It didn't look too hopeful, if he'd got his sights on a starring part. Mainly because the original scripts had earmarked the character of Chief Eagle Pilot to be an Italian. Doubtless there *are* blond Italians—many of them.

Australian. Born Sydney, 1969. Ex Navy flier accepted for astronautics training. Showed remarkable aptitude for control of Moonbase ferry vehicles (classified EAGLES - see origination files MB/3/C.E - 1-6) and rose to instructor, Grade A, on all facets of handling. Qualified in all fields of navigation, command, maintenance and adaptation. Single, of ice calm character, has an enquiring mind and a nerveless bravery that will make him undertake missions in the face of any danger. Is responsible not only for EAGLE flights but for training of replacement crews from Moonbase personnel.

But it's not really a typical physical feature. However, producers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson liked the young Aussie, and so the script editors had a re-think, and Nick got the job.

That he should *be* an actor is no surprise. Nick's father is the noted character player John Tate, and his mother is also an actress (and singer) Neva Carr Glynn, who works in Australia. Nick began as a child actor. His parents were divorced when he was twelve, and he remained 'down under' while his father went to England. Eventually, Nick followed in his footsteps, to meet with mixed fortunes. There was a fair amount of TV work, and some small parts in films, but there were long out-of-work periods. "I filled in by doing all sorts of other jobs," he says. "Lifeguard at swimming pools, demonstrating products at exhibitions, market research . . ."

He had roles in such shows as 'Sherlock Holmes', 'Troubleshooters', 'The Detectives'. He was in the films 'Battle of Britain', 'Submarine X-1', 'The High Commissioner', 'A Man For All Seasons'.

But the big opportunity for a leading role in 'The Canterbury Tales' took him home. It was in the touring company, which went straight to Australia. He reckoned to be there seven weeks but remained five years.

"The tour was such a success," he remembers, "that I became known. I did some TV series, some stage work. Plenty of experience." And with that experience under his belt, Nick came back to England. He should have flown here in an Eagle, for within days of reaching London, he'd landed himself the part of Alan Carter, Chief Space Pilot on Moonbase Alpha!

Conflict of matter

"It makes no sense at all, Commander!" David Kano spun from the big Main Mission computer and spread his hands helplessly. For long moments, John Koenig looked at him. Then, his knuckles white on the edges of his desk, he stared up in fascination at the huge video screen above.

"He's signalling in *gibberish*? Hang it, Kano, what's *happened* to him?"

On screen, an Eagle showed head-on, boring back through space towards the Moon. Pilot Jeff Willis at the controls. Willis—sent out to investigate a mysterious radio source that had begun transmitting from somewhere far ahead—a radio source that could not be detected visually. Could not be made to appear in any concrete form, even on the sophisticated equipment of Moonbase Alpha.

And now not even Kano's computer could make head or tail of the verbal garbage Willis was talking. It wasn't English. It bore no resemblance to any Earth language. And yet it was coming through loud and clear as the Eagle made its landing approach!

"Medical and Rescue Teams to Area Five!" Koenig barked the order into his comlock, and the alerted departments of Moonbase burst into action. Koenig was aware of Victor Bergman at his side, plucking nervously at his sleeve. "John—there's something about that Eagle that doesn't look *right*... it's different..."

"What the blazes do you mean, Victor?"

"Can't—figure it out—just an *impression* I get..."

Then, with startling suddenness, the Eagle's retro-jets fired. And even as they did so, the impossible happened! The whole craft turned abruptly on its back, and twin forks of flashing power seemed to encase it in a whirling blast of light! Far from zoning in on one of the Moonbase Alpha launch-pads, the craft hung poised for a brief second, then disintegrated in an almighty flash—and left nothing! Not even a drift of space-dust!

A stunned silence hung over Main Mission. How could it have happened? How could the Eagle have vanished so completely? What had happened to pilot Willis? *Who* was his voice just an incomprehensible jumble of meaningless sounds?

At last, Victor Bergman spoke. "Whatever this invisible radio source ahead happens to *be*, John, it clearly presents some kind of terrible danger. We're going to *have* to re-investigate."

"But the *risk*, Victor!" Koenig licked his lips. "I can't order anyone else to take another Eagle up! I can't even ask for a volunteer!"

"I agree with you, Commander," said Paul Morrow. He glanced round the others present as if for support, and the answering nods came slowly. Even the inscrutable Alan Carter bit his lip and stared down at the floor.

"We could send an unmanned craft, sir. Fitted with tele-scanners to report back to us direct. That way, we'd possibly get the picture without having to risk panic or withdrawal by

the human element." This was Kano, always convinced of the superiority of instruments over the living being for reporting facts.

"Very well." Koenig came to his decision, and immediately, the standby personnel of Alpha's service department were ordered to make ready a remotely-controlled Eagle and prepare it for launch. Heavily modified, and packed with all manner of recording and transmitting gear, the Eagle made lift-off without incident. Within seconds, it had left Moonbase far behind, heading for the mysterious, unseen presence ahead that spelled unknown peril.

To the watchers in Main Mission, their eyes glued to the video screen, it was as though they were in the nose of the hurtling craft. As though they were all sitting right up there in the empty pilots' seats in the beak.

"It's approaching the radio source fast, sir." Sandra Benes kept the controls of her receiver moving to minimise the infernal racket of transmission that had grown to ear-bursting volume.

"But it makes no sense, Sandra."

"Less than Willis's messages, Commander." The girl shook her head. "Our translators can't make head or tail of it."

Sudden.y, John Koenig felt Victor Bergman's hand clamp on his shoulder. The man's voice was tense. "The Eagle's speeding up, John! Its rate of acceleration's exceeding all the bounds of possibility! Something's drawing it in—like a magnet!"

But there was nothing to be seen from the nose-mounted sensors! The blackness of space ahead was completely innocent of any ship—any planet!

"Sandra. Cut in external long-range scanners. I want to see the Eagle from astern." Koenig's hands clenched spasmodically as the image on the screen shifted. And there it was: their Eagle, but weirdly, astound.ngly elongated, as though it were twice its normal length!

"What the blazes is *happening* to it?"

"It's—it's pulling out into a long, thin line!"

Still the speed built up, and now the craft was just a blur. Then, abruptly, it vanished!

Sandra Benes cut back to the Eagle's own tele-transmission—but now there was nothing. Just a vague criss-cross of interference that jumbled the screen in a random pattern of intermittent flashes.

She switched in again to long-range, and brought back the empty image of deep space. And then the astonishing happened! From nothing, from nowhere, a distorted, lancing shaft of light materialised itself into the Eagle! On return course!

"What in thunder can it *mean*, John?" Bergman was vaguely aware that he was shouting, but it didn't seem to matter. "Good grief, where has it *been*? How did it pass out of our *sight*?"

Koenig sat down heavily. Automatically, he acknowledged Paul Morrow's report that the returning Eagle had begun to slow down to normal speed. "Some kind of black hole, Victor?" The Commander steepled his fingers and forced himself to think calmly. "We know of the existence of such places in space. Almost invisible specks that are the remains of long-dead and super-compressed stars. Specks of such density that a single atom would weigh millions of tons."

"Yes, John. Specks that can draw in anything approaching, shrink it to infinitesimal size, and swallow it. And such things *are* radio sources. The theory fits—except for one thing."

"Which is—"

"They don't release what they've drawn in. To be sucked into a black hole is to die. To remain there for ever."

The pitch of vibration rose to a deafening scream,
and Koenig, Bergman and Kano fell to the floor,
their hands clapped to their agonised ears

"Commander Professor we're talking about theories." Now it was Alan Carter who spoke. "We really know nothing about these black holes not in terms of *fact*. There may be different kinds And it's been suggested throughout the later history of space exploration that black holes may be a sort of gateway into another universe. Another warp, if you like. . ."

The returning Eagle drew nearer, and David Kano had already begun to feed questions into the computer He said "It might fit, Commander. If we think of the black hole in terms of a whirlpool, it's just possible that the Eagles have been sucked in and then expelled "

"John!" Victor Bergman cut Kano short, his eyes blazing with the certainty of what had just struck him. "You remember I said something was wrong with Willis's Eagle? I've just realised what it was! Look—the same thing's happened to *this* one!" He pointed at the screen, and everyone in Main Mission could clearly see that whereas telescanner antennae had originally been mounted to starboard of the beak, now they appeared to be mounted to port! "The whole thing's been twisted and turned inside out! Every piece of that ship is back to front!"

"I want *this* Eagle brought in intact " Koenig faced Kano "Whatever made Willis's craft disintegrate mustn't happen to this one. When it approaches, I want everything shut down All transmission, all magnetic fields everything And I want two people to volunteer to come with me to the landing area and go aboard it for investigation!"

There was no lack of volunteers, but Koenig chose Victor Bergman and David Kano himself Each knew the frightful risk he was running but risk was something they all lived with, constantly

The travel tube raced them towards one of Alpha's pads, and comlock contact with Main Mission kept them informed of the Eagle's approach. So far, so good. There was no repeat of the electrical forces that had destroyed Willis. Retros fired, and this time, the Eagle came slowly in . . .

But then it happened! In the area within the landing pad airlock, a juddering vibration began to shake every plate of the structure! An unbearable, high pitched screaming seemed to invade the minds of the three men, and uncontrollably, they fell to the ground, their hands clamped over their ears! Their yells of pure agony cut over the screeching, hideous cacophony of tortured sound, and in Main Mission, Paul Morrow jumped to throw the switches that had cut out Alpha's magnetic and radio systems! It was pure instinct but it worked! The Eagle swung away from the pad, dived headlong into the rugged surface of the Moon, and exploded! Just as totally as its predecessor, it disappeared without trace and the ghastly vibration ceased

"You'd better get your team organised to get the Commander and the others back " Morrow spoke soberly to Doctor Helena Russell but he needn't have bothered She was already on her way

"Anti-matter, John It can't be anything else " Victor Bergman faced the Commander as they zipped up their suits. A rapid medical by Doctor Russell and her assistant Mathias had pronounced that neither they nor David Kano had suffered anything more than shock "It would be in keeping with our assumption—our *knowledge* that the Eagle had been, as it were, turned inside out and reversed. Anti-matter which destroys anything with which it comes into contact '

"Or, if whatever it comes in contact with is larger and more massive, destroys itself. . ." Koenig shook his head grimly. "We must assume that this is the case, Victor."

The scientist nodded "John Let's agree that we're right The theory would *also* fit with something else. The garbled rubbish Willis was transmitting Suppose that his messages were *also* turned inside out. "

"By glory, you're *right*, Victor! Kano—re-run what Willis sent us –but *backwards*! '

The three raced to Main Mission, where as soon as it had done as it was told –the computer played out the unmistakable and now utterly comprehensible voice of pilot Willis from the reversed and re-backed tapes!

There was nothing of particular significance in the message A mere check for landing permission. It was clear that Willis had had no idea of what had happened to him His only worry had been the fact that Moonbase's transmissions to *him* were coming through as nonsense. . .

"Commander." Alan Carter caught his chief's attention "It seems we're headed straight for this black hole, right?" Koenig nodded. "And it seems just as clear that whatever passes through it comes out again—intact, but reversed. Surely we can be sure of survival then. We'll probably go through some period when we're all spark out. When stresses beyond our knowledge will twist us and re-shape us. Like, back to front Well, I don't know that it matters much. We'll all be in the same boat and as long as we live through it. . ."

"It's not as simple as that, Alan," put in Victor Bergman. "We may be safe enough, yes And we'll all come through with our hearts on the wrong side of our bodies Those of us

who've been right-handed will be left-handed, and vice versa. We'll all speak and communicate backwards—but we'll understand. I grant you that. But we'll be back in *this* universe. As *anti-matter*. Don't you see? If we draw near to any other body in space—another planet—an alien ship—we'll either automatically destroy it or be destroyed! We will positively and totally be unable to survive!"

"But we can't avoid it, Victor! We're rushing headlong towards this black hole . . . and nothing can stop us passing through it! Inevitably—we're doomed!"

Paul Morrow knew that time was running out! He and his colleagues on Alpha were rushing headlong to destruction!

In his laboratory, Bergman worked feverishly. The physical production of anti-matter was a scientific possibility, but so far, it had only been tried on a minute scale. The threat of the destructive forces released by its manufacture had always been considered too great. Yet now he risked his own life by trying to create, in controlled conditions, a machine that could be launched into space, to begin its own carefully programmed conversion of material.

"How's it going, Victor?" Koenig's voice came over the comlock at Bergman's side. The whole area had been cleared.

"I think—I *think* I can do it, John. Of course, whether the scheme will work is another matter."

"It's *got* to work, Victor! So we lose another Eagle. But if, by the time that Eagle reaches the black hole, it has already become anti-matter, then there'll be such a conflict of forces that the hole itself can be sealed!"

"Theories, theories," muttered Bergman to himself. "But they're all we have!"

At last, all was ready. The complex mechanism, sealed within a huge casket, was loaded into the waist-pod of an Eagle. Computer-timed switch-ins had been installed so that the production of anti-matter would not begin before the craft was well clear of Moonbase.

But all the time, precious moments were running out. Inexorably, the Moon itself was being drawn towards that terrifying gateway of hyper space! Already, the velocity of the Moon was building and powerful stresses were affecting every person on Alpha!

"Prepare to launch Eagle!" Koenig spoke thickly, his head buzzing. "Launch!"

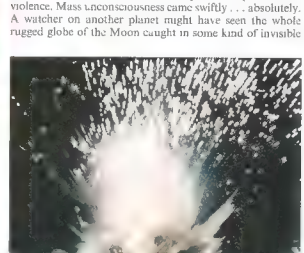
Its whole fabric shuddering, its engines unused to the effort involved, the Eagle began to haul away. The battle with the unknown was on! Grimly, the occupants of Main Mission hung on and watched the screen as the craft began to outpace them.

"All systems are overloading, Commander! *She's going to break up!*" Paul Morrow's voice rose to a scream! In that instant, the body of the Eagle split asunder! There was just time to see the central pod go hurtling off on some trajectory of its own before the main body crashed down on the Moon's surface to blast itself to pieces! The attempt had *failed*!

Paralysed with horror, Koenig, Bergman, Morrow, Kano and the others stared at the screen. The dazzling flash of the explosion had blinded them for a moment but now, once more, they were staring into the blackness of the awful void ahead! Then, all at once, they were aware that there was silence from the receiver monitors!

The radio source! It's stopped!" Sandra Benes turned her white face to the others. "There's *nothing*!"

Scarcely had they accepted the fact before the screen went totally white. John Koenig just had time to hear someone he never knew who it was—say that Victor Bergman's anti-matter container had whirled into the black hole when the whole of the Moon shook to an impact of unprecedented violence. Mass unconsciousness came swiftly . . . absolutely. A watcher on another planet might have seen the whole rugged globe of the Moon caught in some kind of invisible

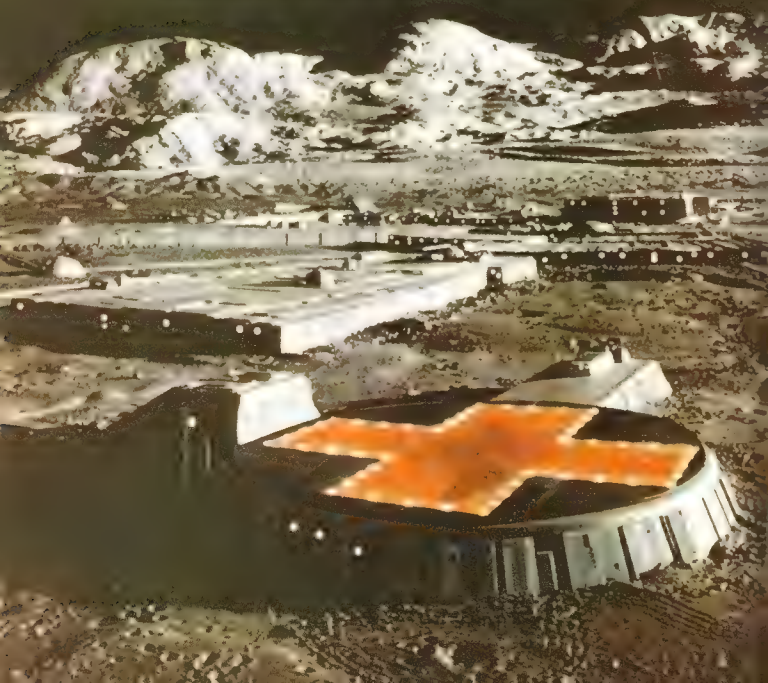


The shattering explosion of the crashing craft struck Bergman dumb! Had his bid to save Moonbase failed. . ?

turbulence that swung it clean off its course through the infinite. . . That watcher, too, had he been possessed of superior intelligence, would have known that somewhere, an incredible conflict of matter had caused that turbulence. That cosmic upset that had, in effect, saved the Moon from ultimate disaster. He would have known that, when the wild gyrations of Alpha had subsided, and its occupants had recovered their senses and their composure, they would have looked fearfully at each other for long moments . . . only to heave the sighs of relief of people who realised that their right hands were *still* their right hands. That they had escaped, by a miracle, the dreadful consequences of a journey through the black hole.

MOONBASE ALPHA

This is the place. The cold, cut-off citadel where the castaways in space live out their constantly hopeful lives. Their dreams of survival! You—you at home—have seen something of their fate. You have seen their peril! Now read on, and witness the fresh dangers that face Commander John Koenig and his friends.

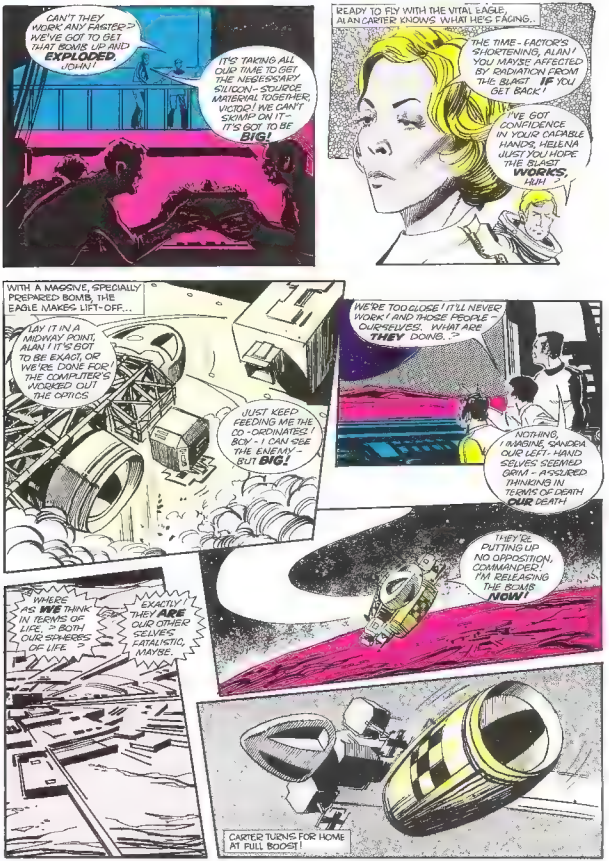


The MEETING POINT
ON ITS WAYWARD JOURNEY THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, THE MOON SPEEDS THROUGH BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE FAR BEYOND THE KNOWLEDGE OF MAN. ON MOONBASE ALPHA, NONE CAN GUESS WHAT DESTINY HAS IN STORE.
KANO! WE'RE ON A COLLISION COURSE.. APPARENTLY WITH SOME KIND OF ASTEROID! YOU'D BETTER RUN THE DETAILS THROUGH THE COMPUTER AND MAKE A REPORT!
RIGHT AWAY, COMMANDER!
MERE MINUTES LATER...
COMMANDER KOENIG! THIS ASTEROID'S VELOCITY IS IDENTICAL TO OURS! AND SO IS ITS WEIGHT AND MASS. RIGHT DOWN TO THE SMALLEST FRACTION!
OUR TWIN - THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE, OUT HERE IN THE UNKNOWN!
TOGETHER WITH CHIEF PILOT ALAN CARTER, COMMANDER KOENIG TAKES AN EAGLE FROM THE MOONBASE LAUNCH-PAD.
THRUSTING TO FULL POWER, SIR! OUR DESTINATION'S STILL A FAIR DISTANCE AWAY!
MAKE IT AS SNAPPY AS YOU LIKE COULD BE I'LL HAVE TO FORMULATE PLANS TO DESTROY THIS THING IN OUR PATH. IMPACT WITH A SIMILAR SIZED BODY COULD MEAN THE END OF US ALL!
THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT, SIR, ISN'T THERE - YOU WOULDN'T HAVE COME UP WITH ME, OTHERWISE
CARTER - I'VE GOT THE STRANGEST FEELING AND I DON'T LIKE IT!
AT FIRST A DISTANT BLUR ON THE VIDEO SCREEN, THE OBJECTIVE DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER AND THEN...
GREAT - GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
IT'S - IT'S US! OUR OWN MOON! WHY, THERE'S OUR BASE!

HOW CAN IT BE, SIR? SURELY WE'RE DREAMING!
BOTH OF US? PUT HER DOWN, CARTER. WE'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE!
A LANDING PLATFORM – THE EXACT REPLICA OF THEIR OWN. AND A RECEPTION COMMITTEE – OF MEN THEY RECOGNISE!
EAGLE DOCK 8
JENNINGS! PETERSEN! WHAT IN THUNDER...!
AND PROFESSOR BERGMAN! WHAT – WHAT'S HAPPENING...?
YOU'D BETTER COME THIS WAY. AND BRACE YOURSELF. YOU'RE IN FOR A GREATER SHOCK, MY FRIEND...
ASTOUNDED, KOENIG AND CARTER ARE LED TO MAIN MISSION – SEEMINGLY IDENTICAL WITH THEIR OWN! AND THERE...
NO! IT – IT CAN'T BE!
MY OWN THOUGHTS EXACTLY. BUT SPACE IS A STRANGE AND UNFATHOMABLE QUANTITY, IS IT NOT?
WE ARE APPROACHING A POINT IN THE UNIVERSE WHERE TIME MEETS TIME. A COSMIC MIRROR, IF YOU LIKE. OUR PATHS INTERSECT – BUT ONLY ONE OF US CAN SURVIVE...
THIS IS CRAZY! WHO ARE YOU?
I AM COMMANDER JOHN KOENIG, OF COURSE. COME NOW – YOU MUST RETURN AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR OWN MOON – FOR I AND MY COLLEAGUES MUST LIVE!

THE STRAIN OF THE INCREDIBLE SITUATION IS TOO MUCH FOR ALAN CARTER!
KRAK!
NNNFFF!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!
COME ON, COMMANDER!
DO NOT DETAIN THEM! LET THEM GO!
WITHIN MINUTES
ONCE BACK AT MOONBASE ALPHA, KOENIG AND CARTER TELL THEIR AMAZING STORY!
WE'LL NEVER COME UP WITH ANYTHING WE UNDERSTAND LESS THAN THIS! THEY'RE US... ALL OF US! AND THEY'RE REAL, SOLID, FLESH AND BLOOD!
SO IF WE DO COLLIDE...
WE DIE, US - AND OUR OTHER SELVES, WHATEVER THEY ARE! ONE OF US HAS TO SELF DESTRUCT BUT WHICH!
ARE THEY REAL OR ARE WE?
THAT'S A RELATIVE QUESTION! HOW CAN WE JUDGE, WHEN WE'RE SO BIASED! IF THERE IS THIS DUALITY IN SPACE AND TIME, THEN THEY HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO EXISTENCE AS WE DO!

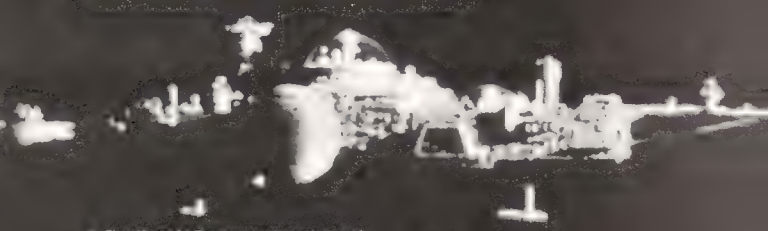
THEY ARE DIFFERENT, SIR! THEY WERE LIKE -IN A MIRROR! REMEMBER NOW - THEIR RIGHT SLEEVES WERE COLOURED
US - SEEN IN A MIRROR AND YOUR DOUBLE MENTIONED A COSMIC MIRROR, COMMANDER -
COMMANDER! THEIR MOON - IT'S APPROACHING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE! IF ONE OF US DOESN'T DESTRUCT, IT'LL SOON BE TOO LATE!
THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY! I.E. WE DESTROY OURSELVES, OR DESTROY THEM WHO CAN SAY WHAT WILL HAPPEN?
PERHAPS NEITHER OF US COULD SURVIVE WITHOUT THE OTHER! MAYBE THAT IS OUR PRE-DESTINED END THE ULTIMATE DEATH OF US ALL IN SPACE!
BUT KANO'S ASSISTANT HAS BEEN FEEDING THE COMPUTER EVERY BIT OF AVAILABLE KNOWLEDGE, AND NOW THE COMPUTER NODS!
THAT'S IT, SIR! THEY'RE A FACTUAL IMAGE, RIGHT? WE CAN'T BREAK THE COSMIC MIRROR THAT DRAWS US TOGETHER BUT WE CAN FOOL IT
RIGHT, KANO! BY PRISMATIC ACTION!
mon image affected by distortion
THE TWO MOONS, ONE THE DUPLICATE OF THE OTHER, DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER READY FOR THE KISS OF DOOM!!
SITUATION APPROACHING THE CRITICAL, COMMANDER! WE HAVE FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AND THIRTY SECONDS!
OKAY, SANDRA, INFORM ALL PERSONNEL, IT'S GOING TO BE A CLOSE-RUN THING!


CAN'T THEY WORK ANY FASTER? WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BOMB UP AND EXPLODED, YOU!
IT'S TAKING ALL OUR TIME TO GET THE NECESSARY SILICON-DIOXIDE MATERIAL TOGETHER, VICTOR! WE CAN'T SKIMP ON IT-IT'S GOT TO BE BIG!
READY TO FLY WITH THE VITAL EAGLE, ALAN CARTER KNOWS WHAT HE'S FACING..
THE TIME-FACTOR'S SHORTENING, ALAN! YOU MAYBE AFFECTED BY RADIATION FROM THE BLAST IF YOU GET BACK!
I'VE GOT CONFIDENCE IN YOUR CAPABLE HANDS, HELENA JUST YOU HOPE THE BLAST WORKS, HUH
WITH A MASSIVE, SPECIALLY PREPARED BOMB, THE EAGLE MAKES LIFT-OFF...
LAY IT IN A MIDWAY POINT, ALAN! IT'S GOT TO BE EXACT, OR WE'RE DONE FOR! THE COMPUTER'S WORKED OUT THE OPTICS
JUST KEEP FEEDING ME THE CO-ORDINATES, BOY - I CAN SEE THE ENEMY - BUT BIG!
WE'RE TOO CLOSE! IT'LL NEVER WORK! AND THOSE PEOPLE - OURSELVES. WHAT ARE THEY DOING..?
NOTHING, I IMAGINE, SANDRA OUR LEFT-HAND SELVES SEEMED GRIM - ASSURED THINKING IN TERMS OF DEATH OUR DEATH!
THEY'RE PUTTING UP NO OPPOSITION, COMMANDER! I'M RELEASING THE BOMB NOW!
WHERE AS WE THINK IN TERMS OF LIFE - BOTH OUR SPHERES OF LIFE
EXACTLY! THEY APE OUR OTHER SELVES. FATALISTIC, MAYBE.
CARTER TURNS FOR HOME AT FULL BOOST!

WHOOM!
BOMB EXPLODED!
I'M OKAY! COMING IN FOR PICK-UP!
A MASSIVE SCREEN OF SPACE-BORNE GLASS DESIGNED BY THE COMPUTER TO ACT LIKE A GIGANTIC PRISM.
IT'S GOT TO WORK...!
IT WILL. IF IT IS A MIRROR IN SPACE, THE LIGHT WILL BE BENT! EVEN IF IT IS A REALITY, IT MUST OBEY THE LAWS OF REFRACTION!
YOU DID IT, ALAN! THE WHOLE AREA BETWEEN US AND THE OTHERS IS FLOODED WITH EXPANDED SILICON PARTICLES!
GONE! PASSED BEYOND US!
ON THEIR JOURNEY THROUGH ETERNITY! WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF WE'D COLLIDED WITH OURSELVES, IN THE COSMIC MIRROR...
WE'LL NEVER KNOW. UNLESS I'VE MEET THEM AGAIN. MAYBE A MILLION YEARS FROM NOW! WHO CAN TELL, COMMANDER. IN THIS STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCE OF OURS, WE MAY LIVE THAT LONG.

So strange are the complex mysteries of space that fact often reads like fiction, and fiction like fact. Below are ten statements—all of them pretty wild. The point is, can you tell true from the false? Have a go... and check your answers on page 7!

Fact or Fiction?



1. Dying stars eventually contract to such an extent under the forces of unbelievable gravity that they form 'holes' in space—invisible areas, perhaps as large as earth, capable of sucking in, say, a spacecraft and vanishing it literally without trace!

2. Modern-day technology makes communication by radio with distant planets (should they exist, and be inhabited) impossible. An astronomer sending a radio message could expect to receive his answer in time for his great, great, great grandson to see it!

3. The effect of a Supernova—the explosion of a star—if it took place within our own Galaxy, could bombard the Earth with such radiation that, although cities would not be destroyed, the entire World population would have to go underground to survive—and stay there perhaps for more than a year!

4. The first astronomers to pick up radio signals from a source in space labelled the files of their highly scientific research project 'L.G.M.'. The initials stood for 'Little Green Men'.

5. A space-probe could pass right through the substance of a comet without suffering more than superficial damage from small particles. This is because the mass of a comet is small compared with its size.

6. More than six million years from now, our Sun will expand to four hundred times its present diameter, engulfing Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars and destroying those planets utterly.

7. Of the nine planets in the Solar System, Pluto—the most distant, is actually at present closer to the Sun than its neighbour Neptune, thanks to the strange nature of its orbit.

8. With all the incredibly sophisticated equipment produced in the Twentieth century's race to space, the study of cosmic ray particles—most important emissions from an incredible distance—has been partly conducted by balloons released into the upper regions, loaded with packages of fine grain film!

9. Some of the stars we see in the sky are not there at all. Because of the distances involved, and the speed of light, they have long ceased to exist, although their image still reaches us.

10. The simple force, gravity—the thing that makes a stone fall to the ground when you drop it—is the most powerful force in the universe, capable of causing violent destruction on a galactic level. Ultimately it *may* cause the total annihilation of everything in the heavens.

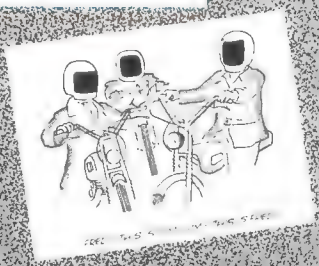
The Lighter Side of the Moon!

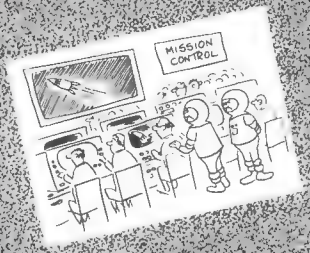
YOU WEIGH TWELVE STONE SIX AND YOUR FORTUNE'S LOUSY. YOU'RE GOING TO BE BADLY LET DOWN BY A TALL MAN DRESSED IN BLACK
WOW! THAT'S ASTRO CHASE YOU SENT ME, BERGMAN!
WHAT'S UP WITH HIM?
DON'T WORRY. DEEP DOWN HE'S SUPPER.
LOOK, STANDBY. WE JUST CAN'T GO ON MEETING LIKE THIS!

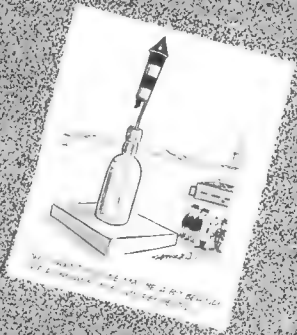
GOT A WATCH ANYONE
YEAH, YOUR SUIT AND A BAD CASE OF BAD-FITTING BUYSTER
NOONAN, OUR BASOLD. GIVE HIM THE KISS OF LIFE, JOHN!
M-Y TURN NEXT BABY!
HE'S JUST SUPPOSED TO CLOCK!
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF KILLING TIME
KNOW WHOD'S SCARCE BUT ON MOONBASE BUT IF SOMEONE DOESN'T MAKE ME A COFFEE SOON, I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH!

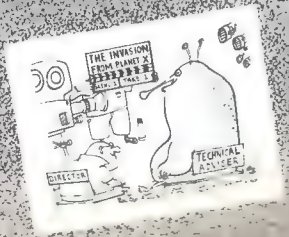
FLINT'S GONE AGAIN!
SHE SUNK SHE WON'T BUDGE UNLESS SOMEONE FLIES THIS THING TO CUBA
BUT THERE VICTOR'A DEAD MAN FLOATING EJECTED INTO SPACE AND SHE'S
THE GUY WHO WROTE THESE RIDICULOUS TALK BUBBLES AND SERVE HIM RIGHT!

moon=beams



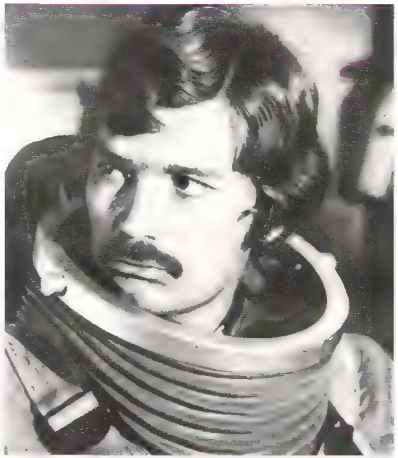

MISSION
CONTROL




THE INVASION
FROM PLANET X
DIRECTOR
TECHNICAL
ADVISER

Paul Morrow

Controller, Moonbase Alpha. Second-in Command to Commander John Koenig.



Co-ordinator supreme (in Koenig's absence) of the highly complex structure of Main Mission, Paul Morrow is played by actor Prentis Hancock.

Like most actors, Prentis likes to travel, and he's been lucky in this respect. Not long before joining the cast of 'Space 1999' he was filming on the summit of the 7,000 ft Unterberg Mountain in Austria for an episode of 'The Protectors'. And now he's on the Moon!

Ex-singer, ex-fencing instructor, Prentis Hancock has worked widely in theatre, television and films and is no newcomer to science fiction. He appeared in the 'grandaddy' of them all—'Doctor Who'. Add to that appearances in such shows as 'Dixon of Dock Green', 'Doctor Finlay's Casebook', 'Z Cars', 'Softly Softly' and 'Colditz', and you've got a man as versatile as the all-knowledgeable Paul Morrow!

Doctor Mathias

Assistant to Doctor Helena Russell. Key member of the Moonbase Alpha medical team.

Another Jamaican, Anton Phillips is a newcomer to this type of television series film. Although he has appeared in a number of taped TV shows including 'Warship' (he was an able-seaman) and 'Barlow At Large', where he played a villain.

Anton finished his schooling in New York, where he first studied drama, and then returned to Jamaica with the intention of concentrating on radio work. Before long, though, he made his way to London, where he worked as a book keeper, then as a passport officer in his country's High Commission. He stopped working to write a play which won a prize in a Jamaican festival, and then went for drama training at the Rose Bruford College. After a period of stage work that included the name part in Maorwitz's 'An Othello', he won his running role in 'Space 1999'.

David Kano

Computer Controller. In charge of the immense knowledge store and calculative wizardry of Alpha. Who has himself taken part in the dangerous experiments to link the computer to the human mind.

Jamaican Clifton Jones, playing the part of Kano, has lived in England since 1958. He studied at the Conti Stage School, and while still a student, appeared in 'Billy Budd'. Numerous other stage roles followed, on tour and in repertory and he played in such London productions as 'Moon On A Rainbow Shawl' and 'A Taste Of Honey'. He's been with Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal, Stratford East company, has been in films ('V.I.P's', 'Decline And Fall', 'Innocent Bystanders') and made his television debut in 'Emergency Ward Ten'.

Clifton Jones was in the Royal Air Force for two years national service but it's taken 'Space 1999' to get him airborne as far as Moonbase Alpha!

Sandra Benes

Moonbase service section. Works in close collaboration with David Kano on Main Mission computer.

A British national, Zienia Merton—Sandra Benes in the series—has an extraordinarily varied background. Daughter of a half-English, half-French father and a Burmese mother; born in Brunei; brought up in Singapore, Borneo, Portugal and England!

Petite, dark-haired Zienia left home to study dancing in London, and then opted to learn drama as well. Her acting debut was as an elf in an open-air production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and her first film part was as a Chinese girl who made a play for Gregory Peck in 'The Chairman'. She has appeared in many British television productions, but this is her first continuous series role.

YESTERDAY

There was something uncanny in the air. A feeling that stole over Helena Russell and ran icy fingers up and down her back. She shuddered and moved involuntarily closer to Professor Victor Bergman. The yellow light of their flashlamps reflected wanly from the wet walls of the tunnel that yawned before them

"*Must* we go on, Victor? I don't like this one little bit!"

It was several seconds before Bergman replied. In his own mind, he felt as nervous as Helena, but he was a scientist, and the scratchy, primitive drawings on the walls of rock at the very entrance to the tunnel had intrigued him

"Just a little bit farther, Helena. Look—it's opening out into some kind of cave. . "

They had been on this planet some two hours. A planet that had loomed up in the path of the runaway Moon. A planet that had exhibited all the right signs. Gravity, atmosphere, vegetation. In what had become a routine pattern, the Eagles had left Moonbase Alpha, bringing Commander Koenig, Alan Carter, David Kano, Bergman and Helena down to make their investigations. Two Eagles—and Controller Paul Morrow had been left with them. Helena shuddered again and wished she was up there with him—on watch in the damp, misty atmosphere that John Koenig had jokingly compared to England in November. "Don't worry," he'd said. "The climate's probably as variable as ours was. Look at the vegetation! Come a month or two by our time-standards, and this place'll probably be as hot as the French Riviera!"

"You're thinking of John's enthusiasm?" It was as though Bergman had read her thoughts. "You can't blame him, Helena. He's been leading us on this crazy flight through space for so long now that he's ready to believe in the law of averages. Sooner or later, we *have* to reach a world where we'll find our peace. And this *could* be it!"

Helena nodded. "It's just—just this awful premonition, Victor. Like—what do they call it? The smell of death!"

Helena Russell couldn't have described it better! And, as the pair of them rounded a bend in the tunnel and came out into a vast, vaulted cave, they saw it! The heart-stopping tableau of human forms grouped round a flat stone table! Human forms? They were skeletons! And their grinning skulls seemed to leer and grin in the flickering glow of the lamps!

"To blazes with this!" For the umpteenth time, Commander John Koenig pulled his foot out of a soft, soggy patch of swamp, caught his ears against the low, bare branches of a tree and peered around him into the all pervading mist. He thumbed the switch of the comlock in his hand and turned to face the direction of the waiting Eagles as indicated on the minute screen. He couldn't see them, of course, but he knew, reassuringly, that they were there. "Paul—I'm coming back. Maybe the others have found something a bit higher and drier on this crazy planet."

Paul Morrow acknowledged, and dimly, away to his left, Koenig could hear the purring of the engine of the buggy they'd brought down with them. The buggy in which Carter and Kano were making a wider exploratory sweep. "Alan, this is Koenig." The Commander switched to direct transmission. "How've you made out?"

Carter's voice came back, heavy with sarcastic humour. "Wetly, sir. Lucky this thing floats. Might I suggest we take off and move our centre of search? There's got to be sunshine and light somewhere!"

"We'll do just that. I'll re-call Victor and Helena to rendezvous at base. Maybe you'd get in touch with Moonbase and tell them what we're doing?"

"I copy, Commander. Leave it to me."

Koenig picked his way over mossy hummocks, irritated despite the fact that this planet was—although so inhospitable in its present mood—so similar to Earth. "Victor, Helena. Can you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Come in, Victor! Helena. . ?"

A chill beyond the chill of the atmosphere stole over Koenig, and he halted. Ahead of him, through the mist, he could see already the reassuring shapes of the Eagles, but

YESTERDAY TIME!

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A chill beyond the chill of the atmosphere stole over Koenig, and he halted. Ahead of him, through the mist, he could see already the reassuring shapes of the Eagles, but they hardly registered. "Victor! Helena! Come *in*!"

Then the crackle of Alan Carter's voice! "Commander, we've got Professor Bergman right here! *And he's in shock*!" Out of the gloom in front of the buggy had stepped their scientist colleague—and neither Kano nor Carter could get the slightest sense or response out of him!

"Where's Helena? Where *is* she? What *happened*?" Koenig had covered the distance between himself and the buggy in ten minutes. Oblivious of the whipping twigs, the roots that had caught at his feet and tumbled him headlong a dozen times! Now he had Bergman by the shoulders, shaking him—but the Professor could only gape and talk in a whisper, his eyes staring!

"Cave drawings. John! Like the pre-historic things we had on Earth! And the skeletons . . . I knew they were beings who'd done them . . dead and ancient. The skulls were calcified . . ."

"But Helena, hang it! What made you *leave* her . ?"

"I . . I didn't! Suddenly, my mind went blank. I remember beginning to run. Calling for her to follow. She did, John, she did! She was right behind me! And then I was here . . . in front of Carter and Kano!"

"She's fallen somewhere! She's fallen and knocked herself out!" Koenig knew he was snarling. Was aware that Carter and Kano were looking at him worriedly. The Australian said, "Take it easy, Commander."

"Paul." Now Koenig pulled himself together and set his comlock to contact their Eagle guard. "Put out a magnetic sweep. Locate *Helena's* comlock and give us a cross bearing so's we can find her! And make it quick! If she's fallen face-down in one of these swamp-holes, she could be drowning!"

A moment's pause. Then "Sorry, Commander! I can't get a fix. She's disappeared. She's not on the surface. . ."

"She can't have come out of the caves," breathed Bergman.

"So get us there, Victor—but fast!"

Bergman shook his head. "I can't remember, John. I don't know which way they were . . ."

At that moment, there came a shrill, harsh scream, somewhere away to the left. And before they could stop him, Koenig had bounded away into the clinging fog, to disappear from sight! The scream had been human—there was no doubt of that. There was equally no doubt of the fact that it had not been a scream of terror. More a scream of triumph. And it *hadn't* been Helena Russell's voice!

"We've got Professor Bergman right here," snapped Alan Carter—"And he's in shock!"

TIME!

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The strong, calloused hands that had gripped Helena Russell's shoulders had brought her up short with a numbing jerk. Had spilled the cornlock from her hands. She had heard it smash on the rock beneath her feet in the second before her mouth had opened wide to scream for help. But that scream had never left her throat. Instead it had been the bearded lips of one of her captors that had parted to let loose the bellow of victory. She had time to see the skin clad bodies of the men who held her before, mercifully, she fainted. The mists had swirled briefly in the mouth of the cave before her, and then she was dragged, inert, back into the complex labyrinth of tunnels that led to the underworld of this strange and savage planet. . .

When Helena's senses returned—was it moments later, or perhaps hours—she was in some kind of primitive dwelling, deep beneath the surface. Here it was warm, but there was no comfort in it. They still held her, the two men who had caught her. And their voices were unintelligible grunts. But there must have been some kind of telepathy—some curious instinct that made her understand exactly what they were, and why they had made her prisoner.

"I didn't know," she said, fighting down the terror that all but consumed her. "I didn't *mean* to invade your—your sacred place!"

They gave no sign that they had understood.

"Oh, John! If only *you* could hear me! Victor and I found some kind of temple—some sanctuary where they house their ancestors! They're going to kill me for violating it! Please—please *help* me!"

But no help came. Whimpering, Helena was dragged into a vast chamber—a haphazard jumble of half-constructed archways and pillars, overhung with moss. A chamber where skin-clad figures, both male and female, grimaced at her and shook their fists, and flashed their eyes with hostile and unmistakable hate! At one end, the big stone slab that could only be some form of altar. . .

"Nnnarrrgh! Garrrgh!" The sounds were meaningless, but Helena could hear them, translated within her brain, as clearly as if they had been in plain English! "Sacrifice! *Sacrifice!*"

Once again, the blackness of oblivion descended on Helena Russell. Despairingly, she knew she was passing into a state of unconsciousness from which she might never recover.

"Commander!" The voice of Paul Morrow cut through Koenig's mind as he staggered to the yawning entrance of the underground cave system. "Commander! I have urgent contact from Moonbase! There was a mistake in estimation of the planet's orbit! It's pulling away from them fast. On an ellipse! We've got to abandon any thought of project Exodus to bring us down here . . . *we've* got to get back or we'll be stranded!"

Horrified, Helena Russell realised that she was a captive of primitives—but their grunting language seemed to make itself understood! They meant to kill her!

Headlong, Alan Carter and Paul Morrow flung themselves into the fight! Could they rescue Helena before it was too late to return to Moonbase. . ?

Koenig froze. He was vaguely aware of the buggy screeching up behind him. Carter leaped from it

"She's in there. . ?"

"This is the place," said Bergman

Koenig looked bleak. "You heard what Paul said ?"

"I heard," snapped Kano. "Commander we've no time to search!"

With a strangled cry, Koenig broke away from them but it was Victor Bergman who leaped out to tackle him, bringing him crashing down, his head smashing off a rock to plunge him into instant oblivion! "Emotional involvement," rasped Bergman. "Too dangerous! No time for fooling. I'll get him back to the Eagles."

The other two fell instantly into Bergman's thinking. Of all the people on Moonbase Alpha, Koenig was the one person they could *not* afford to lose. "We've got a chance of a quick rescue, Victor . ." this was Alan Carter. "Action. You're too old. Forgive me, but it's true. Kano—help him back with the Commander. Send Paul Morrow in to back me up. *We're* more expendable. "

There could be no argument. The tough Australian didn't even wait to see how the others took it. He was already running down into the tunnels, guided by a deep, vibrating chanting that came from somewhere deep within. He knew that Paul Morrow—lithe, young and muscled, would soon be after him. But he didn't care. He only saw, in his mind's eye, the Commander's closest friend, Helena Russell, in danger of her life.

The stone altar dripped wetly. Prone upon it, Helena stirred, only half realising her frightful surroundings. Above her towered a huge, bearded primitive, a cast bronze knife gleaming dully in his clenched fists. A babble of intoned words poured from his lips, and the eyes of his people were fastened on him as they swayed to the murmuring of some evil ritual!

And then Alan Carter came racing into the vast chamber, his fists swinging! Panting with exertion, right behind him, Paul Morrow! The solid crack of bone on bone—the bitten off yelps of guards felled by the unexpected onslaught—the slither of slipping feet and the wild gasps of men and women taken utterly by surprise! In one instant the scene was total chaos! Clubs bit the air around the heads of the two friends—hairy hands grasped—were torn free! And now Carter's arm was under Helena's shoulders, hauling her, gasping, from the flat rock!

"Out, Paul! *Out!*"

With Helena between them, the two men from Moonbase Alpha raced from the cavern, their ears assailed by the twittering roars of rage from male and female alike as the primitives grouped themselves to give chase! And then the cloying mist again as they staggered into the open . . . the waiting buggy . . Kano at the controls, back to risk his own future, possibly to be marooned on the planet!

Stones and clubs thudded against the skin of the two Eagles as Bergman and Morrow gunned them up and away from the surface. Slowly at first, then more quickly, they lifted from the land that had promised so much—yet had proved so hostile. How widespread had the primitives been? Could they have landed in force to subdue them and colonise? It was something they would never know. All they were aiming for now was to catch up with the rapidly dwindling Moon—their *own* home. And every second took it farther and farther away!

"We're closing, Victor! We're closing!" Paul Morrow was sweating freely at his controls. "I *think* we're going to make it "

"We'll make it," breathed Bergman, glancing down at the still unconscious figure of Commander Koenig behind him. Helena Russell was stooping over him, stroking his head. It was clear he wasn't even aware of Bergman's presence. "We'll make it. And journey on. We find one place—we find another. That's how it goes. Some day our fate will surely guide us to our ultimate destiny. Then there'll be no opposition, no mystery, no conflict, just peace."

The Eag[illegible]

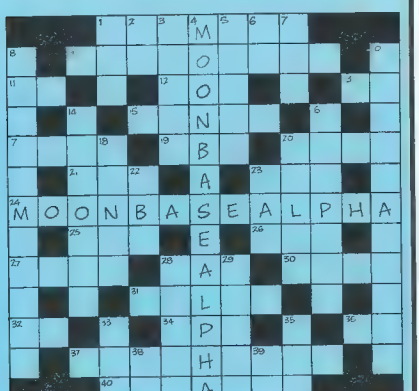
Spot the Difference

Take a look at these pictures. They may appear alike, but our artist has made six small changes in the lower one. Can you pick them out?

Answers on page 77

KANO'S CROSSWORD

David Kano says his computer can't be bothered with easy crosswords like this. Can *you* solve it?



CLUES ACROSS

→1. Estimated Time of Arrival (initials) at the Solar System's red planet (name it)
→9. Space pilot.
→11 Time before noon is this
→12 As well as
→13. Main Unit. (initials)
→15. Great ones think alike.
→17. Space-ship's guidance control.
→19. Commander of The British Empire. (initials).
→20 To haul or draw.
→21 A fib!
→23. Nothing!
→24. (We've put it in for you!)
→25. What spiders weave
→26. Neither one thing — the other
→27. A row of seats in a stadium, or part of a wedding cake.
→28. Women carry their belongings in one
→30. A row or argument
→31. Another way of spelling Pilot Carter's Christian Name
→32 Commanding Officer (initials)
→34. Appropriate.
→36. Verb meaning to exist.
→37. Space vehicles passing close to a star might need one.
40 Revolved.

CLUES DOWN

←1. Extra Sensory Perception.
←2. Motor-cycle races held in the Isle of Man.
←3. Short name for an articulated lorry
←4. (Same as 24 across).
←5 Opposite of cathode
←6. Ancient Egyptian sun-god.
←7. What you do when you add up figures.
←8. The study of 7 down. Science of figures
←10. The stuff used to power reactors
←14. Permitted
16 The one to blame
←18. He digs coal from the ground.
←20 Flier
←22 Opposite of flow, as in rivers and tides
←23. Nancy. (abbreviation).
←28. Explosion.
←29 What you do when you see a joke. (two words).
←33. Scruffy dog
←35. Opposite of young
←38. Negative
←39. Electrical Engineer. (initials).

ANSWERS TO QUIZ AND PUZZLE PAGES

BRAINSEARCH—page 39

All the (b) answers are correct

MAIN MISSION I.Q.—page 48

1 128 All numbers are double the previous ones
2 Orange It is not a primary colour
3 Time flies You can't. They fly too fast. ('Time' being a verb. You're trying to *time* flies with a stopwatch, see?)
4 Both are palindromes. That is, they read the same, backwards.
5 Side
6 14 It can't be divided by 3
7 Wise you are, wise you be, I see you are too wise for me!
8 Orange
9 False Both *weigh* the same
10 True. There's more mass i.e. bulk to the feathers for such a weight

CLUE PIX—THE GAME OF THE NAME—pages 50/51

The answers are Red, Eagle, Beam Medics, Nuclear, Gazed and Aliens. Initials REBMNGA re-arrange to spell BERGMAN

FACT OR FICTION—page 65

All the statements are true

Answers to Spot The Difference Page 10.

Branch missing behind Commander Koenig, badge added, extra white part on roof, thicker end on telescope and extra stripe, longer aerial on scanner

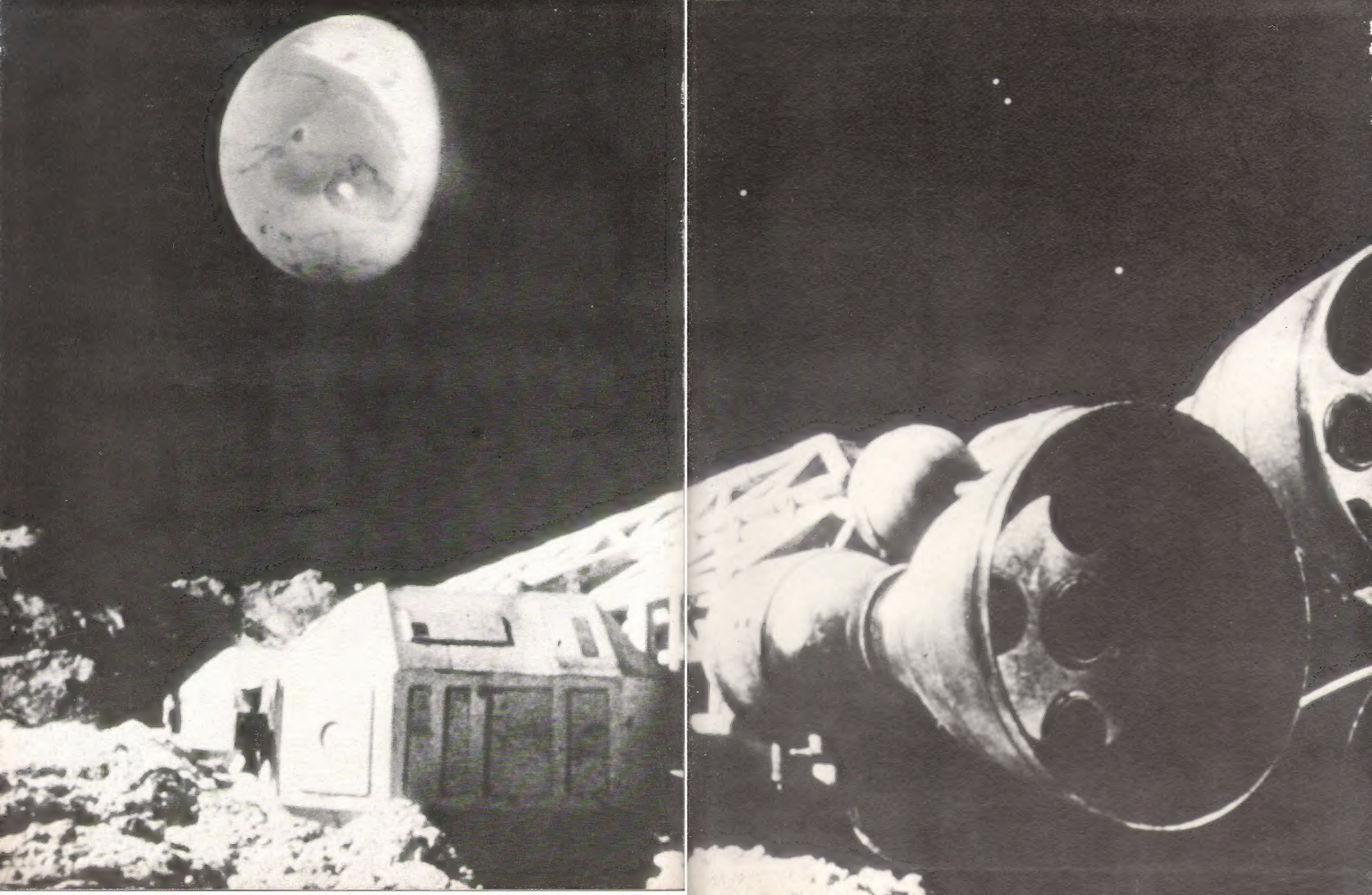
Answers to Spot The Difference Page 76.

Helena has an extra stripe, white badge, and extra sleeve button, Commander Koenig's hip pocket is larger, Victor has more chest and more hair

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

Across 1 E.T.A. Mars 9 Astronaut 11 a.m. 12 Too. 13 M.U. 15 Minds. 17 Helm. 19 Ni 24 Moonbase Alpha 25 Web. 26 Nor. 27 Tier. 28 Bag. 30 Rift. 31 Allan. 32 C.O. 34 Apt. 36 Be. 37 Sunshield. 40 Rotated

Down 1 E.S.P. 2 T.T. 3 Artic. 4 Moonbase Alpha. 5 Anode. 6 Ra. 7 Sum. 8 Mathematics. 10 Nuclear Fuel. 14 Allowed. 16 Culprit. 18 Miner. 20 Pilot 22 Ebb. 23 Nan. 28 Blast 29 Get it. 33 Cur. 35 Old. 38 No. 39 E.E.



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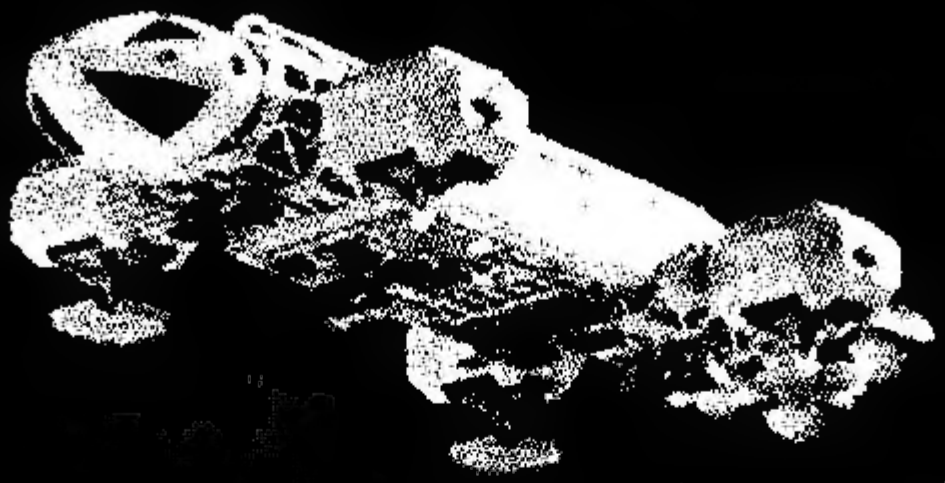

Project 21: Further Adventures